THE WEEKLY CAUCASIAN.

STALLINGS & COOPER, Editors and Proprietors. | Pure Democracy and White Supremacy. | Subscription Price, $2.00 per Annum.

VOL. II. | CLINTON, NORTH CAROLINA, THURSDAY, MARCH 13, 1884. | NO. 20.

A FIGHT WITH THE FLOOD.

It was dark on the Point, and the
boat
Went to the house in the flood and tide;
When the bow struck the porch, the
their oars
And tried to get in through the
doors.
Up-stairs was a light from a dim
The waves and the water climbed
higher,
As if they endeavored to take
In seeing which one put the fire
"Hello!" cried the voice of
man,
"There is no one about," shout
van;
And he shouted: "Let go. Cut
oars, boys."
"Hold on, wait a second. I
noise?"
The men said "they did," an
Slowly porch of the
"I" said the captain, a
ned to hear a respon
resently, so ing a little
ching a window, the
holler so loud, for
sick."
e captain said: "Boys
here quick."
ey climbed up a col
door,
y an old lady a leap
ars from his cheeks with
hen with a tear in
ady, do you think that she's
?" said the men, "for well take her
away;
ldn't upset this old house before day,
re no one else here in this house but you
two?
ready to go then—the lady and you,
the river is rising, the house is afloat."
then put the lady and the boy in a boat
pulled for the shore, where hearts full joy
ived the poor woman and that little boy.

* * * * * *

doctor remarked, as he started away:
think the lady's much better to-day,
I'm satisfied now that she's going to get
well."
A tear on the cheek of that little boy fell
he cautiously moved to the head of the bed
kissed the thin lips of the woman and
said,
As he looked up and smiled: "Oh! how happy
I'll be!
For there's nobody left but my grandma and
me."

In the darkness of night you could hear from
the shore
The regular knock of the life-savers' oar,
And the noise made a sound like a quickening
thud
As their boat rode the waves of the terrible
flood.
Twas an hour of peril—a moment of strife—
A fight with the flood and a battle for life.
WILL S. HAYS.

Before a Fall.

AN OPINION BASED ON SUSPICION IS LIKE A HOUSE BUILT UPON THE SAND.

On Soft-clay evening I
door-step, waitin and Jennie.
We had been to c gs together
all summer long, was such good
friends with me, and Jo was such
good friends with Jenni She lived
just over the hill from ou house, and
John lived just beyond hat. She
waited till he came for her, and I waited
for them both. I should not have
thought of starting without them, and I
sat quietly, not noticing the flight of
time. I was thinking what a lovely
evening it was, and that mother's China
asters were coming into bloom, and the
crab-apples were ripening, and that I
always thought crab-apple jelly the
prettiest mother ever made. I was as
peaceful as the old cat that came and
curled up beside me, and had no more
thought than she of its being late.

But suddenly I heard Jennie's voice
calling me; it sounded so sharp, out of
the quiet, that I was really startled. She
had paused at the gate and was saying,
"Come, Phœbe!" I knew in a minute
from her tone that something had worried her. I was wondering what it
might be as I rose and went down the
path, and I suppose I went a little
slowly.

"Hurry up, Phœbe!" she cried; "don't
you know we are late?"

But instead of hurrying I stopped
short, for I suddenly saw that John was
not with her.

"Where's John?" I asked.

"I don't know," she answered, shortly. "Don't stand staring, Phœbe! I
tell you we're late!"

Now some people are afraid of Jennie
when she speaks that way, with her
cheeks red and her eyes snapping. But
I am not; it only makes me a little
cooler than I was before. I just stood
still. She shan't drive me if I do love
her.

"Suppose we are late?" I said; "I
think we might wait a little for him,
just for once."

"I can do it, then," said she, and
walked straight on.

I looked up the road and reflected.
John was not in sight. If anything had
happened to detain him it was Jennie's
company he would be sorry to miss, so
my waiting would do him no good. I
might as well go with Jennie. I ran
and caught her before she had gone far.
I suppose it mollified her to have made
me run, for she laughed a little as I
came up. "You didn't wait as long as I
did!" she said.

"Then you did wait awhile?".

"Why, of course. Didn't I tell you
it was late?"

"Well, you needn't have got mad
about it, Jennie!"

"I didn't," said she—"or at least I
was only mad at myself for waiting.
There is no reason why we should ever
wait for John, or expect him to come
with us every night, just because he
lives next door. He's never said a word
about escorting us. He's just let it be
a matter of course, and I'm not going
to have it so any longer. He might
want to go with some of the other girls
some time, and then just think how
ridiculous we should be, sitting waiting
for him. I'll never do it again. Next
week I mean to start real early, and you
may wait for him if you like. I'll not
expose myself to being slighted again.
I don't doubt but he's gone the other
way, by East side, to-night."

Now, Jessie Sears lived on East side,
John was the only fellow in the village
whom she could not possibly induce to
flirt with her, and it seemed as if for
that reason he was the one she most
wanted to make an impression upon.
He said nothing about it, and kept out
of her way, but everybody knew—except Jennie, who might have known it
she pleased—that he disliked her. So
when Jennie made that insinuation I
thought it was my turn to be angry. I
faced about upon her with the facts.

"Jennie Morris," said I, "you know
just as well as I do that you're the only
girl in this town John ever cares to go
anywhere with. I don't see how you
can be so mean as to talk about him in
that way!"

Jennie's face got crimson, and she
hung her head and looked quite cowed.
I was glad of it.

"I don't see where he can be, then,"
she murmured, after a while. "He
ought to have sent us word if he was not
going. You'll acknowledge it was humiliating for us to sit and wait for him."

"I don't see why."

"You're such a child," she said, pettishly.

"If it is childish to be unreasonable"—but there I stopped. I saw Jennie's face was twitching, and her color came and went. She was always high-strung, and spirited, and to-night she seemed touchy and unnerved. I felt sorry for her, and thought we would talk about something else.

* * * * * *

I will explain now what has detained John. We learned about it in good time. There was a family living a little way from his father's house. They were always in trouble, and always keeping the neighbors in trouble. That night, just as John was ready to start for meeting, his mother came to his door, looking quite distressed.

"John," she said, "Maggie McCreery and her children are in the kitchen, and Peter has come home drunk again."

"Is he very bad?" said John, who knew his neighbor of old.

"Yes! Oh, John, he has given her a terrible black eye! She and the children just fled for their lives, and they're crying and wailing so that I could hardly get their story out of them."

"Well, what can we do?"

"Why, somebody has got to go down, I know, John. He was as wild as a man. They left him crashing the things upon the floor and putting the clothes and furniture into the fire, and Maggie is afraid he'll set the house afire, he's in a fair way to it, you know, the stuff burn himself up in it."

"The best thing he could do," muttered John.

"You must not say so, you know, dear. I hate to have you go down there, but it's dreadful to think of the poor, raving creature just left to himself."

"Where are the others?" said John.

"Why, Bess and Mark have gone to the fair in Barton. There's only Buell at home, and he's hardly old enough to go down there alone."

"No," said John, throwing off his coat. "I suppose I've got to go with him. Tell him to get a rope. We'll have to tie the wretch and then send for the sheriff."

"It's dreadful you should have to go, dear," said his mother, pityingly, "and just when you are all ready for meeting. The girls will be waiting for you, too. But you'll feel sorry enough for Maggie, poor thing, when you see her. And there's no time to be lost. You can hear Peter's cursing and throwing things clear up to our kitchen door."

As John and Buell were ready to start, Maggie said: "Shure, sur, if ye see me cow in the road, wud ye plase drive her back forninst ye? Peter left the gate open when he came in, and I was that distracted I didn't see the crayture till she was gone. The byes will be havin' her in the pound in a jiffy, and sorra a cint is Peter after havin' me to get her out again."

* * * * * * *

John did not see the cow. She was like the rest of the McCreery's, unexpected in her movements. But Jennie and I saw her, grazing along the roadside, with her head turned the other way from home. I had a presentiment of mischief the moment I caught sight of her. I had stopped, saying, "There's Peter McCreery's cow. How could they let her get out? Now, if the boys put her in the pound they never can raise fifty cents to get her out. I've a great mind to drive her back a little ways, Jennie, just to get her headed toward home."

But Jennie was too impatient. "Please don't stop, Phœbe," she said. "It's not your place to do it, and we're so late already."

It was so late that all the pews on the girls' side of the choir gallery were filled, except the two farthest back. By going to the head of one of these I could be among the altos and Jennie, by going to the head of the other, could be among the sopranos, while at the same time we could sit together. I was glad to be near her that night, and I knew she was glad to have me, she was so nervous. I hoped the singing would quiet her, and so it did for a little while, but she could not get quite out of her flutter. Proud as she was, she could not help casting a glance, now and then, toward the door, and occasionally she would give a little sigh. She was uneasy every minute till he came.

And oh, dear! she was a good deal more uneasy afterward. For will you believe it?—who should walk in that door beside John but Jessie Sears!

She did look pretty that night. There was no denying her good looks even when you'd lost every bit of faith in her. To-night she wore a new pink muslin dress; a thin, fleecy, white shawl was round her shoulders, and one point of it was laid over the brown puffs on her head, but not far enough to hide the pretty pink rose she had stuck between them. She was all smiles and brightness. We usually sat near the front, and as she passed where we were to-night the moment she came in, John, however, did not see us. He pushed toward the front row, and Jessie of course followed him. She did not mind it that every eye was upon her. She was as composed and complacent as possible.

Somebody moved up to make room for her, and John found a place across the aisle. Before she was fairly seated she had contrived to drop her handkerchief, and John was obliged to stoop and pick it up for her. I saw his face then. It was not gay and smiling like Jessie's, he looked pale and tired. It somewhat set me considering. When I had first been coming in with Jessie my heart had stood still, and then I was so angry I could have shaken my fist at him. But now I began to be confused in my thoughts about him. There he sat, the same old John, and I couldn't believe he was a traitor. Yet, what had brought him here in Jessie's company? The more I cooled down, however, the more sure I was it would be explained in some way.

But of course my feelings couldn't help Jennie at all, just now. I knew she had jumped to her own conclusions. How she straitened up! There were no more sighs, and no more turnings of her head. The color was fixed in two bright spots upon her cheeks. She looked right at her book and began to sing so clear and strong that I was startled, and was afraid everybody would notice the change. John knew well enough where she was by this time. He gave one half glance round, that was all. Poor, innocent John! He told us all about it afterward. Well, as I was saying, Jennie sang firmly for a verse or two, then she suddenly ceased.

"What is the matter?" I whispered, for I was frightened about her.

"I'm too wicked to sing words like these," she said.

She did not sing another note that night, but when the meeting was about to close she whispered to me: "Now, Phœbe, mind you don't loiter. We're nearest the door; get outside as fast as you can before the people get round me."

Now in my heart I would rather have lingered a little just for the chance of learning something that might explain it all, but of course I couldn't refuse to do as Jennie said. We got out the door quickly—Jennie first, though I hurried as fast as I could. Once outside she took hold of my hand and off like a deer. The sky had cast, and it was perfectly One of those hushed, brea that sometimes precede a summer rainstorm. It seemed as if the very crickets were smothered by the dark and the silence. We ran headlong, but we knew the path well enough, and it was tolerably smooth. We got well away from the crowd coming out behind us and had turned off the main street and were half way down the second hill beyond. I was going to ask Jennie to stop running, for I was getting out of breath, when suddenly some obstacle in the path struck our feet from under us. We fell headlong over a mass of something hairy, soft and warm, and our heads and hands were thrown sharply against the gravel beyond. We could not recover our senses before the heap over which we had fallen began to rise under us. I was rolled to one side, Jennie to the other, and with a snort of dismay and pleasure, Peter McCreery's cow switched her tail against my face and galloped off into the road.

She had been lying across the warm gravel, and we had run full against her.

When I began to recover my wits I heard Jennie laughing in a weak, hysterical way; then she began to sob, and then to half shriek again with laughter. I slowly picked myself up, lame and bruised, and very much surprised to find that no bones were broken. Even the plaited flounces of my dress that had got over the cow's horns was ripped off and dangling under my feet. I could dimly see Jennie sitting on the path where the cow had left her, waving to and fro her face in her hands, crying and laughing both at once.

I went to ask her if she were hurt. "Can't you get up, dear?" I said. "Just try and see. The folks will be coming along pretty soon."

I thought I already heard feet upon the path, and I did not want anybody to see Jennie quite like this. She made a great effort to control herself and to get upon her feet. I took hold of her to try and help her. But no sooner did she attempt to use herself than she fell back with a little cry of pain, and then began to laugh again in the same distressful manner.

"I can't," she said. "It is my foot, Phœbe. The cow trod upon it, and I cannot stir. What shall I do?"

By this time I had caught her excitement, and was near to giggling as insanely as she. "What shall we do?" I echoed.

But now there was approaching steps upon the walk that we both heard. Jennie knew them in a minute, and that minute restored her to herself.

"Phœbe," she said, firmly, "I will tell you what we must do. You must run home and tell father to come with the wagon. I will creep up here off the roadside, and keep perfectly still, and nobody will know I am here till you come back."

"But I cannot leave you alone so badly hurt. I cannot, Jennie!"

"Please, Phœbe! please hurry, dear! Somebody is coming!"

"I am glad of it," said I. "Somebody ought to come and help us."

"But, Phœbe, Phœbe—do not let them find us—it is John!"

"I don't care if it is, I'm glad of it, and just remember, if he was going over to East Side with Jessie Sears he'd not be here now. You've been too quick, Jennie; there's some mistake."

Poor Jennie could only give a little moan of pain for answer. Her ankle was beginning to hurt her badly. Little as her moan was, John was near enough to catch it, for that instant we heard his anxious voice calling:

"Girls! Phœbe, Jennie, are you there?"

There was silence for a moment, and then I spoke out: "Yes, John, we are here, and we want you."

"You want me! What is the matter? What made you run away from me? I got out as fast as I could to catch up with you."

Dear! how troubled and how kind, and how full of comfort, too, his familiar old voice sounded.

"I'm so glad you have come!" I cried. "Jennie is hurt."

"Jennie—hurt!"

Ah! you should have heard the tone of his voice when he said that. I almost felt as if I ought not to be there to hear it. Why, there couldn't have been more feeling in his voice if she had been his sister and mother and wife and child all in one!

I guess John was pretty well worn out with what he had gone through at McCreery's, to say nothing of having wanted Jennie's company all the evening and missed it. And sometimes to be tired out and sacrificed in the service of others softens and opens a person's heart before he knows it.

He knelt down beside Jennie and lit a match to look at her. I knew it was not wrong for me to have taken a glance at the two faces that match lighted up—John's so troubled and devoted and Jennie's scratched and tearful, pitiful, wistful, questioning.

He spoke right out like a man to the silent cry of the heart. "My darling," he said, "my darling, what is the matter?"

That was more than she could bear just then; she wavered as she sat, and fell back in a dead faint. John sprang to raise her head and I ran to the brook to sop my handkerchief with water to bathe her face. I begged John to let me run home at once and send the wagon. It was plain he could not bear to leave her, and I ran off as fast as I could.

I was back again before the horse could be harnessed, bringing with me camphor and cologne. But Jennie had recovered her senses before I arrived. I heard her talking in a low voice to John before I reached them. What he had said to her I do not know, but she was meek enough now—as humble and grateful as possible when we lifted her into the wagon and got her home.

And how heroic she was while the doctor was setting her ankle! At least they all said that she was heroic; but it was my private belief she did not feel the least pain for sheer happiness, and therefore there was no virtue whatever in her keeping as still as a lamb.

I told her the next day that she did not deserve her happiness, and she owned she did not. I asked her if she was not ashamed that I, who was only his friend, had stood up for John more stanchly, in my own mind, than she who was his lady-love.

It was only an accident, his appearing with Jessie at the choir meeting. A young man from Woodville had been over to visit her, and detained her till it was late. On his way home he had brought her in his buggy as far as the church and left her in the vestibule. Right there she had met John, and had made as much of the opportunity as she knew how.

Would you like to hear what else John did that night? When he had brought the doctor and gone again on errands to the druggist's, and then stayed by till he could learn that Jennie was made as comfortable as possible for the night, without saying anything to anybody he got a lantern and went to search for that unhappy cow. He found her, drove her home and shut her into Mrs. McCreery's yard. The poor woman did not know till long afterward who had done her the kindness.

THE CROWD.—Eighty-three per cent. of the population of the United States is composed of white natives and the immigrants from Germany and Great Britain, leaving four per cent. from other countries and thirteen per cent. for those of African descent.

ENGLAND IN THE SOUDAN.

HOW SHE BECAME MIXED UP IN THE MATTER.

Drifting in, Where She had no Idea of Going, by Mortified Pride.

[From the N. Y. Evening Post.]

How came England to get into the Soudan troubles? As usual, she did not sail into them, but drifted into them. The Mahdi, or Prophet, had begun to make progress in the Soudan before English authority became practically supreme in Egypt by the battle of Tel-el Kebir. The Egyptian Government could not make up its mind to abandon this vast region to him or to chance, while at the same time it had neither the moral energy nor the material force in men and money adequate to resist him, and reconquer the territories which were yielding to him, or at least escaping from their control. They dispatched some troops thither, and placed them under an English officer named Hicks. The representatives of England at Cairo, were instructed by the English Ministry not to interfere with the action of the Egyptian Government in the matter. Advice was sometimes given; more frequently it was not given, but whenever the subject was mentioned an emphatic declaration was made that England had nothing to do with the Soudan, and that the Khedive and his ministers must act on their own responsibility. Neither Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet, nor Sir E. Baring, seem to have doubted for a moment that the proper course was to abandon the Soudan altogether, and withdraw the Egyptian frontier to a place called Wady Halfa, or even to Assuan. That they refused to force this opinion on the Khedive was owing to their resolve to make their occupation of Egypt purely temporary, and let the Khedive's Government stand alone as soon as it was possible for them to do so.

In November the catastrophe came. Hicks's army in the Soudan was annihilated. It was plain that Egypt could not, of herself, reconquer the country. The question arose whether England should intervene by sending English or Indian troops either to re-establish Egyptian authority and hold Khartoum, or at least to insure the safe withdrawal of such garrisons as remained in the country. Fearing that to send troops would involve the permanent occupation of part of the Soudan, and the creation of an English empire in Equatorial Africa, Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet refused to do so, but went so far as to advise the Egyptian Ministry to withdraw its garrisons and abandon the Soudan. When, after much delay, it appeared that the Egyptian Ministry would not follow this advice, England went a step further, quitted her attitude of irresponsibility, and, early in January, told the Khedive that if his ministers would not comply with her wishes he must dismiss them. He did so, and the present Ministry of Nubar Pasha came in to obey her directions. But meanwhile time had been lost. The position of Khartoum had become much more perilous. Although the Europeans there have no claim upon England, since they went out either in the service of the Egyptian government or as traders on their own account, public sympathy was roused on their behalf, and the feeling grew stronger and stronger that the British government ought to take some steps to rescue them.

The newspapers cried out for this, and that large class who had all along desired that England should strengthen her hold on Egypt, and proclaim a formal protectorate over it, swelled the cry for intervention in the Soudan, because they saw that the more she committed herself there the less could she forsake Egypt.

There was soon a cry for the dispatch of General Gordon, the one Englishman whose knowledge of the country as well as his military gifts and personal daring, pointed him out as the man for the crisis. The English Government proposed to the Egyptian Ministry to employ him, but the objections raised by the latter took some time to overcome, so that it was not till the end of January that he started. Meanwhile a new source of anxiety started up on the coasts of the Red Sea. Baker Pasha commanded a body of Egyptian troops there. He was attacked by a band of natives, Mohammedan Soudanese, half black, half Arab in blood, who had come down from the Mahdi's main forces, and so crushingly defeated him that he had to escape to the port of Suakim, where the guns of British vessels give some protection. The news of this defeat reached England on the very evening when Parliament met, and clouded the spirits of the Government. It was quite unexpected, for his force was supposed to be more than a match for any antagonist; but it seemed to seal the fate of the Red Sea garrisons, who were now left without prospect of relief. Impatience and irritation rose higher in England. The defeat and the impending destruction of the garrison were attributed to the sluggishness or timidity of the Government, which ought, it is said, to have long ago dispatched troops from India to the Red Sea coast and prepared to relieve Khartoum by a forced march across the desert.

This was the state of feeling which encouraged Sir Stafford Northcote to move his vote of censure. The tension was a little relieved by the intelligence of Gen. Gordon's arrival at Berber on the Upper Nile, from which he ascended the river to Khartoum in safety. But it was increased by the subsequent news of the fall of Sinkat, one of the posts near the Red Sea coast, and the slaughter of its garrison.

The effect of all this has been to produce among the Liberals a feeling made up both of mortified pride and impatience, which has grown keener and keener as week after week has passed without decisive action on the part of the Government. They are vexed that a responsibility which the Government has eventually assumed should not have been assumed sooner, when the misfortunes which have befallen might have been averted. They do not much sympathize with its anxiety to abstain from every possible assertion of authority in Egypt, and are, in fact, pretty well pleased to stay there. They think it has been too late in recognizing and acting upon patent facts. And they do not like that the troops of a country, which is for the time being under the ægis of England, should be destroyed and its territories torn away. Such feelings, it is true, do not exist equally in all sections of the party. They are much stronger among the aristocratic and plutocratic sections, telling far less on the bulk of the middle classes. But the fact which is for the moment important is that they fall upon the ministerial party in the House of Commons, and shake the loyalty of some of its members.

The feelings of the Conservatives it is hardly necessary to analyze. They simply hold that things are going the way they foretold, and that the ministerial want of courage and vigor would sooner or later bring disaster both at home and abroad.

"PAPA, what is meant by 'an anomaly?'" "An anomaly, my son," replied the father, "is a man who pays his gas bill without referring to the company as a thief."

A NAVAL HERO.

Dr. Ambler, the Surgeon of the Jeannette—A Brave Officer who Did His Whole Duty.

Among the dead of the Jeannette, brought home to find a resting place, was Dr. James M. Ambler, Melville, when asked by the court whom of the expedition he would specially commend for his behavior, promptly replied: "Dr. Ambler," and he was unstinted in his praise of him. During the famous retreat over the ice Ambler was one of the leading spirits. He harnessed two half-starved Esquimaux dogs to a sled of his own contriving, on which were lashed the surgical instruments, medical stores and scientific records, and—leaving them to follow in the rear with the sick, the doctor took his place in advance day after day, as chief of the roadmakers. He wielded a heavy sledge hammer like a Hercules, breaking down ice hummocks to level a road for the boats. It was related of him that he invariably, when the day's work began, took up the heaviest of the sledges, thus setting an encouraging example to the men. We see him laying this down for a moment to perform an iridectomy, one of the most delicate operations in eye surgery. After De Long's boats had reached the Lena Delta, and failing to find succor for three weeks or longer, the commander decided to send two of the strongest of his party in advance to seek aid. The main body traveled very slowly, most of them being scarcely able to walk at all, and having to transport the sick. De Long was able to walk only for five minutes at a time. Ambler was the strongest of the party, and the commanding officer selected him and Nindeman to go on ahead for succor and to save their own lives, if possible, both of them being able for a long march. When this was communicated to the doctor he told his commander that he thought he ought not to leave his sick, as he preferred to share their fortunes to the end, and his going away would look like abandoning them. This doubtless touched the gallant De Long, whose first thought seems ever to have been his high duty to those under his command. Noros was then sent in Ambler's stead, and his life was saved. Ambler remained with his sick comrades to the last and died with them. It is doubtful if the medical profession affords anywhere a finer example of heroism than this. Imprisoned on board an ice-bound ship for twenty-two months, a painful retreat over weary miles of rough ice, with half-frozen hands and feet, then wandering about on unknown shore for three weeks, reduced to a mere struggle for existence, yet not for a moment was blunted his keen sense of professional duty. Melville, who found the bodies, is of the opinion that Ambler was the last one to die. His frozen body was found in a sitting attitude, clothed in many suits of extra clothing, seizing in his right hand De Long's pistol, taken from his dead commander's pocket; in solemn and faithful guard over his dead comrades. None will ever know the dreadful extent of his sufferings during those last hours, or possibly days, of his life, alone with his dead, starving, exhausted and hopeless. Faithful messengers sent by his grateful country have brought home the mortal remains of this noble son to an aged mother, to lie at rest in his own village churchyard in Fauquier county, Va. Peace to him and her, and honor to the memory of this noble surgeon whose life was given to his country and his duty!

A REMARKABLE WOMAN.

The Story of Katie McDonnell Shot by Her Lover.

[From the New York World.]

It has become the habit in these days to rank men and women as heroes and heroines on small provocation. The title has been accorded to many persons less worthy of it than Katie McDonnell, the young nursemaid who was shot by her drunken suitor Sunday night.

Katie evidently has remarkable will power as well as a loving nature. This is shown by the fact that while she had given her affections to Dennis Hennelly, the brute who attempted to take her life, she listened to the advice of her brothers and refused to marry him until he had reformed his bad habits. It was for this refusal that he shot her at the door of the house in which she was in service. Dangerously if not fatally wounded, Katie did not shriek and fall as an ordinary woman would have done. She knew that the ruffian would have completed his work had he supposed her to be wounded, so she told him she was not hit, and besought him to run away to avoid arrest. Then she entered the house, fell at the top of the stairs, quickly recovered herself, went to her mistress's room, steadying herself by a chair, spoke to her, took the baby, as was her custom, to her own chamber, got into bed and laid all night suffering and bleeding in the hope of screening her lover and affording him time to escape. She actually got up twice during the night to give the child drink, in the fear that its restlessness might call some one to her room. When found in an apparently dying condition in the morning she still tried to screen her assailant; and, in the hospital, she begged that Dennis may not be hurt, taking all the blame to herself.

Some such story as this may be told in romance. It is a part seldom acted in real life. What wonderful power of will the girl must have possessed to conceal her wound from her assailant, thus probably preventing him from instantly completing his bloody work! What will power, devotion and self-sacrifice to go through her ordinary duties, concealing her suffering, and lie all night without appealing for help in order to screen the wretch who had wounded her!

Talk about the heroes of romance! Katie McDonnell is a true of the real life. It is known that her wound is fatal. If she dies, a fine, good woman will have been sacrificed, and it is to be hoped that her murderer will suffer the penalty of his crime. It will be difficult to get up a jubilee dinner and flowers over such a brute.

She Knew Hiram Ways.

"Talk about strange men," said the conductor of a Pullman car, as he sat in the smoking room while the porter was doing the work, "the worst specimen I ever saw came on from Detroit the other night. His wife, a great fat woman, was with him, and took seats in the ordinary coach. Presently he came back, selected a berth—a single upper—and then went back to his wife. Pretty soon he returned and made the bed alone. About an hour after this I was going through the train when that fat woman stopped me and wanted to know now if I had any empty berths. I told her there were plenty of them, but she brought her lips together like a vise and clinched her fat hands as she said: 'I thought as much. Here, you bag with you, and make me the best section you have. I'll be as soon as the train stops again.' I see that selfish husband of hers creep out of her there wasn't an empty berth, but he had found a chance to talk with an acquaintance. He was a maddest man you ever saw when, when he had to hand over his lower berth to his wife, in addition to the one he had paid for his own. He got a quarter only two cents for shining his shoes and scowled so the porter didn't ask for more. Oh, but he was mad."

How Plate-Glass is Made.

To cast, roll, polish and burnish plate-glass requires machinery of special construction and a "plant" that is costly by reason of its complex nature. The pouring of liquid glass from the furnace upon the cast-iron plate, and the subsequent rolling are processes comparatively simple. Any house-keeper who has used a rolling-pin on a batch of pie-crust dough performs an operation very similar to this stage of plate-glass making.

It is the succeeding processes of grinding and polishing and burnishing that require the time and costly mechanism. After leaving the rolls and bed plate the glass is rippled and rough, and only fit for grating and skylights. Each plate must be transferred to machines that resemble the turn-tables of a railway. On that revolving platform the glass is cemented in a bed of plaster of Paris and the machine started. Bearing heavily on the surface of the glass are blocks of metal, and while in motion the surfaces are supplied with sharp sand and a constant stream of water.

The next stage of the glass-grinding process is the same as to machinery, but instead of sand coarse emery is used. The finer emery is used on another revolving table, and so on for half a dozen times. The final polishing is done by heavy reciprocating devices fed with rouge, and maintaining a constant backward and forward motion, and also lateral movement over the surface of the crystal. All this requires the assistance of a large force of men, many of them skilled laborers.

The Bright Light.

A European journal relates that a few months since workmen employed upon some constructions on the bank of the river Dnieper, in Central Russia, employed the electric light to enable them to prosecute their labors at night. The brilliant rays of light attracted so many millions of nocturnal moths, beetles and other insects, that from time to time it was necessary to stop work and set all hands to destroying the clouds of winged victims that frequently completely obscured the light. This suggested the idea of employing the electric light to destroy nocturnal insects prejudicial to agriculture, and experiments in that direction are to be tried next spring. Not only to insects, but to fish, the light proved fatally attractive. Its rays, directed to the surface of the water, draw together vast quantities of all the fishes found in the Dnieper, and when within the charmed field of illumination they lay crowded together in masses, seemingly blinded and stupefied. The workmen improving the opportunity, made a notable haul of fish.

HIS WIFE KEEPS HENS.

THE PRESIDENTIAL HEN HOUSE.

The Man Who Knows Where to Find the Stolen Nests.

[From Peck's Sun.]

There is no answer that was ever received to a question, that contains more sarcasm, than that received by a man who asked what business a well-dressed gentleman of leisure was in. "What business is he in," says the party questioned. "Oh, I believe his wife is a dressmaker." The question is often asked by visitors to Fremont, Ohio, "What business is ex-President Hayes in at present?" and the answer invariably is: "His wife keeps hens." People who are offended to see the husband of a dressmaker, or lady engaged in other respectable business, leading the happy hours away, should not confound Mr. Hayes with any such person. The fact of Mrs. Hayes going into the hen trade, is no reflection upon her husband, and he is a great help to her, as he was when she was President. Those who have visited Fremont say they do not know what the lady would do without Mr. Hayes. He knows all of the hens by name, and can tell at a glance which are the best providers of eggs. There is perhaps, no man in this country who is a more successful hunter of hen's eggs than Mr. Hayes. A hen cannot deceive him. He seems to know instinctively when a hen has put up a job to go off somewhere, to a retired spot and "steal her nest," as the saying is, and he watches the hen. He does not follow the hen directly, as some less brainy man would do, and thus arouse the suspicions of the deceptive fowl, but seems to go off the other way, though his eye is upon that hen. It is said to be an interesting sight to see a hen wandering off down among the gooseberry bushes, clucking and digging for worms, as though she had no thought of deceiving her benefactor, and Mr. Hayes walking the other way, whistling, "We'll never miss the water till the well runs dry," and not appearing to notice the hen. Suddenly the hen disappears and goes under a bush and lays an egg. It is then that Mr. Hayes gives play to the massive brain that he has constantly concealed about his person. He makes no memorandum but keeps in his head the location of every such nest. Some men would go right to the hen, catch her in the act and accuse her to her face of duplicity and double dealing but Mr. Hayes is not that kind of a man. When the hen comes back to the hen house he does not show any signs of chagrin to the hen. Does not look at her as much as to say: "I am onto your scheme, old lady," but treats her just the same as any other hen, thus disarming her of all suspicion that her little plot is discovered. But the next day, after the miserable hen has laid her second egg and gone away, the ex-President goes to the nest and takes one of the eggs, and so on each day, the hen, who is not good at mathematics, thinking she is laying up treasures where neither moth, nor rust, nor ex-Presidents doth corrupt. After a hen has laid a dozen or so eggs thus, and begins to think of setting, she looks at the result of her labors, and decides that it is the work of an incendiary and gives up the job. The ex-President is said to be one of the most expert hen detectives in this country, and Mrs. Hayes would not be without him for the world. He is as valuable, also, in feeding the hens. It is alleged that he can make a bushel of corn go further in a flock of hens than any man in Ohio, and woe be to any hen that attempts to play any hog game on Rutherford B. He singles out such a hen, and while he says very little to her, the stern look on his face is enough, because any hen to even wish she were dead. His political experience has been valuable to him in his present occupation. Not long ago there was an old rooster in the flock that claimed he was the boss, and tried to take the position of leader, but Mr. Hayes organized an eight to seven commission, composed of fifteen roosters, eight of which had been educated by Mr. Hayes, and the objectionable rooster was bounced so quick it made his head swim. There is no sight that is pleasanter at Fremont than to see Mr. Hayes come to town with his little basket of eggs, and trade them off for a drawing of tea and a few other simple needs of the household. It is always a comfort to a nation to see one of its rulers, who is retired to private life, make himself generally useful, and this great and good man will need no monument, as his name will go down to history as the greatest hen man the world has ever seen.

How Plate-Glass is Made.

To cast, roll, polish and burnish plate-glass requires machinery of special construction and a "plant" that is costly by reason of its complex nature. The pouring of liquid glass from the furnace upon the cast-iron plate, and the subsequent rolling are processes comparatively simple. Any house-keeper who has used a rolling-pin on a batch of pie-crust dough performs an operation very similar to this stage of plate-glass making.

It is the succeeding processes of grinding and polishing and burnishing that require the time and costly mechanism. After leaving the rolls and bed plate the glass is rippled and rough, and only fit for grating and skylights. Each plate must be transferred to machines that resemble the turn-tables of a railway. On that revolving platform the glass is cemented in a bed of plaster of Paris and the machine started. Bearing heavily on the surface of the glass are blocks of metal, and while in motion the surfaces are supplied with sharp sand and a constant stream of water.

The next stage of the glass-grinding process is the same as to machinery, but instead of sand coarse emery is used. The finer emery is used on another revolving table, and so on for half a dozen times. The final polishing is done by heavy reciprocating devices fed with rouge, and maintaining a constant backward and forward motion, and also lateral movement over the surface of the crystal. All this requires the assistance of a large force of men, many of them skilled laborers.

Patti Kissed by a Governor.

Patti has been telling tales out of school, and Governor Crittenden, of Missouri, is the hero of her story. She says: "I had just finished singing 'Home, Sweet Home,' Thursday evening, when a nice-looking old gentleman, who introduced himself as Governor Crittenden, began congratulating me, and all of a sudden he leaned down, put his arms around me, drew me up to him and kissed me. He said: 'Mme. Patti, I may never see you again, and I cannot help it,' and before I knew it he was kissing me. It would not do to have everybody washing my face, you know; but when an old gentleman, and a nice old gentleman, too, and a governor of a great State, kisses me so quickly that one has not time to see and no time at all to object, what can one do?"

Thoughts From Beecher's Sermon.

"Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good," was Mr. Beecher's text Sunday morning. Some of the more striking passages in the sermon are given below.

"In some respects the New Testament is the blossom of the Old, but in some respects it is as unlike the Old as the fruit of the tree is unlike the root."

"In the Old Testament self-defence; in the New Testament suffering rather than self-defence."

"The acting force in the New Testament is no longer basilar, but coronal."

"The distinctive doctrine of the New Testament—the doctrine which represents the acting force or genius of Christianity—is that kindness is the true way of acting against evil."

"Can we seperate the two so as to hate evil and not hate the evil doer? If I am waked up by the cry of my child in the hands of a robber or murderer I shall work by the law of hatred just long enough to kill the assailant, but I must not cherish hatred a moment longer."

"There's a mean, sneaking, venomous hatred that comes out of some men all the time. I don't think there is any toad or any horned snake so repulsive. And yet Christ says, 'Love him; do him good.' That settles the controversy."

"Never let evil lose its color; never garnish it; never get used to it; never dally with it."

"No man should suffer himself to lose in this pitiful world whatever he can bring up from his youth from the untainted, fresh regions of the country."

"That man is a rouse whose conscience is to let and runs equally well under all circumstances."

"Mud on whiteness is a great deal more apparent than mud on grayness or blackness. Nowhere else in the world is evil more conspicuous than in religious circles."

"There never has been in this world, in politics or in business, greater violations of the spirit of the New Testament than in organized forms of religon."

"Oh! how good must somebody or other be in the churches that God should tolerate themat all."

"Some men hate from a sense of duty."

"We are in danger of losing the sense of the evil of wickedness by being polished."

"A hound's nose is better than a man's conscience half the time. The dog smells evil. You might at least attain to the grace of a hound's nose in the discernment of what is right or wrong."

"Christians are frequently like folks that have brushes and a pallette, but not much paint, and when they undertake to establish good and overcome evil, the qualities—the pigments—are wanting. The languid, low toned color of goodness will never overcome anything. It must be positive, full blooded, radiant as an angel."

"God employed asses of old, and he evidently employs them still."

"Men may hate error without loving truth. A man hates error with the bottom of his brain; he loves truth with the top of his brain."

"No man ever yet made one single thing grow by the storms of winter, and nothing on earth can prevent things growing under the sweet influence of the summer sun."

Mullagatawny Soup.

A lesson in soups was given in Miss Parloa's cooking school, New York, and white stock, mullagatawny, bouillon and consomme were prepared before the class. White soup was first made. To four pounds of veal, which had been simmered in a gallon of water for four hours, was added half an onion, a parsnip, a turnip and a stick of cinnamon. The soup was then cooked one hour longer, and strained through a sieve when it was ready to be served.

In the preparation of mullagatawny, a fowl weighing three pounds, three pounds of can veal, two large onions, two large slices of carrots, four stalks of celery, three tablespoonfuls of butter, one tablespoonful of curry-powder, four tablespoonfuls of flour, salt and pepper, and five quarts of water were used. A piece of chicken fat, equal to two tablespoonfuls, was taken from the chicken and melted in the soup-pot. The vegetables, which were cut fine, were put in the soup-pot and cooked twenty minutes with frequent stirring. Then the veal was added, and the whole was cooked fifteen minutes longer; then the chicken and water were added. The soup was skimmed and set back where it would simmer slowly four hours. When the chicken was tender it was removed and set one side, while the soup cooked. After the soup was boiled the butter was melted in a frying-pan, and the dry flour stirred in till the whole was a rich brown, the curry-powder was added and it was removed from the stove. This mixture was stirred into the soup and it was then cooked half an hour longer. Then it was strained and returned to the soup-kettle and the chicken was cut in small bits. Seasoning of salt and pepper was added and the soup simmered thirty minutes longer.

He Didn't Believe It.

A private banker in a town in Wisconsin received a call a few days ago from a stranger, who deposited $10, and then turned around and asked the banker for a loan of $50.

"Why, sir, I can't lend you any money," replied the banker.

"I think you can. Please take time for reflection."

"I don

CAUCASIAN

Every Thursday Morning.

CLINTON, N. C.

Thursday - - - March 13, '84.

☞ Contributors are requested to write on but one side of the paper. We will not undertake to return rejected manuscript.

— Persons receiving specimen copies of this issue will take it as a request to subscribe.

☞ Entered at the Post Office at Clinton, Sampson County, N. C., as Second-Class Matter. ☜

J. N. STALLINGS AND F. R. COOPER } EDITORS

It now seems that even the pitiful little 20 per cent. tariff reduction proposed by Morrison will fail to pass.

Tilden. He is pure and incorruptible, was once a very able leader, but a live dog is better than a dead lion. We need a bold vigorous man for our chief standard bearer. One equal in every respect to what Tilden used to be, and withal sound upon the great economic questions of the day. We do not want Tilden. We do not want "the great sick man" on our hands. The Democratic party is the party of the living and not of the dead.

Many papers are indulging in the cry that as goes New York so goes the Union, and are urging the selection of a man and the adoption of just such a platform as will be most likely to sweep the empire State. The wisdom of such a course may be doubted. With a good man in the lead and an honest, sensible platform, the party will be just as likely to carry New York as by any pandering to base expediency, and at the same time will stand an excellent chance of capturing enough other States to elect their candidate, even if New York should go Republican.

The eight Democratic members of the Ways and Means Committee held a meeting last week and agreed to report the Morrison tariff bill with a few concessions to the protectionists. The new bill puts nothing upon the free list except salt, coal and lumber. The original Morrison bill is protective enough, and if any more concessions are made people will begin to inquire what is the difference between the two parties upon the tariff. Certainly 20 per cent. is little enough. The Democratic leaders should swallow a lot of crow-bars upon this tariff question. The people demand relief and they will have it. The strange delay in reporting any measure is becoming monotonous. The "business interests" so far have had things their own way. They have forced the abandonment, temporarily it is hoped, of the old Democratic doctrine, tariff for revenue only, and it now seems that an element of the party wish to go below the proposed 20 per cent. reduction. We shall be much disappointed if this is done. Let there be a square stand up fight upon the principle of tariff reform. We know that it is important to conciliate all the factions in the party by presenting a measure so judicious and moderate that no honest reformer can refuse his support, but in our opinion we have reached the limits of prudence and any further yielding will bear the marks of cowardice. Too much policy has been the bane of the party. Our principles are right and we can win on them.

When the Democrats meet at Chicago they will get rid of William H. Barnum, who is Chairman of the National Democratic Committee. He was mainly instrumental in defeating Hancock. The Convention should be certain to appoint a wise, honorable, sagacious, high-toned Chairman, if one can be found, who has principles to uphold and a country's prosperity at heart. The Washington Post thinks a new Committee out and out should be appointed. Retain the good ones, if there be such, and add others as good, and let us enter the race for victory. Barnum has been in Washington helping "Pig-iron" Kelley and Sam Randall to thwart the Reform Democrats. Let him go.—Star.

THE YADKIN VALLEY RAILROAD.

It is announced that this road will be completed to Greensboro by April 1st. It is also being rapidly extended from Fayetteville into South Carolina. This is well. The South Carolina extension will be an important feeder for the line. But the most important part of the whole system still remains untouched—the gap from Fayetteville to Wilmington. Until that gap is finished the road can never be more than an important local road, simply because it is folly to expect, in this day of cheap and rapid transportation, for any considerable quantity of freight and travel to be drawn from the West to Fayetteville and either stop there or be transported by river steam boats, (if it is wet weather) to Wilmington. If the gap shall be filled up, then, instead of being a mere local road, it will at once become the nucleus of a great State system, which, like the nerves of the body, will permeate the whole country. Fayetteville will be a great distributing center, and the fine port of Wilmington, which can easily be made equal to any on the Atlantic seaboard, will teem with busy life. The flags of every nation will deck and beautify the historic waters of the noble Cape Fear, and Wilmington will reach out its arms of commerce, not only to Western North Carolina, but across the Blue Ridge and Alleghanies to the fertile regions of Tennessee and the broad and favored domains of the Father of Waters. Then the beautiful State of Franklin, the daughter of North Carolina, once ours in political dependence, will again be bound to us by the iron chains of commerce. Wilmington can then compete with her great sisters North and South for the foreign trafic of the Western States. By all means let Wilmington awake, let the whole country awake to the importance of this work.

The Philadelphia Record says: The construction of the New York, Norfolk and Philadelphia Railroad is rapidly progressing. Sixteen car loads of steel rails, weighing sixty pounds to the yard, have been distributed over the route, and contracts have been made for the cross ties which are to be out from a large timber tract near Pocomoke City. The road will be completed sooner than at first expected, July 1 now being named as the time when fast trains will be run from New York to the South, via Cherrystone and Norfolk, without a change of cars.

The Road now under survey from Norfolk to Charleston via Greenville, is a continuation of the New York, Norfolk and Philadelphia Road alluded to. So it seems that we are really to have a Railroad, and that it will come soon.

The above extract is taken from the Eastern Reflector, and when its predictions are realized, won't we be proud? We really believe that the New York, Norfolk and Charleston Railread will be built, and that as speedily as the magnitude of the work will admit.

Confident boasting won't build the Road, nor will croaking retard its progress, but of the two we prefer to boast, especially as it is so much more to our taste and inclinations. With this Road built our possibilities are immense. Greene county is as good a farming county as any in the State, and her people are energetic, and with Railroad facilities, and especially with a Road like this one we will go on a boom. Snow Hill will take on new enterprise, our schools will assume the dignity of colleges, our churches will be multiplied, our population increased, our wealth augmented, our taxes lightened, and our general prosperity heightened; so much so, that every one should extend encouragement to Maj. Kames in this noble enterprise.—Telegraph.

From the above it would seem that we are to have this road sure enough. Clinton will then awake and put on her beautiful garments of prosperity and progress. When we have communication with the great cities North and South the magnificent resources of Sampson will be developed, manufacturing will spring up and wealth will pour into the laps of our people.

BETTER BE JUST A LITTLE SICKLY.—As an illustration of the healthfulness of our eastern section, it has been told us that John Midyett, who once lived in Hyde county, was so vigorous and muscular that a petition was once sent to the Legislature to have his fists declared a deadly weapon.—Washington Gazette.

THE SOUTH CAROLINA OUTLAWS.

Cash, the notorious South Carolina bulldozer and coward, denounced by the Wadesboro Intelligencer, as only Editor Henley can do it. Cash has threatened to have Henley's blood, but Henley is not afraid. Hear the bold manly way in which he shows up the brutal Cashes.

[FROM THE INTELLIGENCER.]

"Red handed Cash! His cowardly attempt to murder an unarmed man from behind. He misses his man twice at a distance of six feet, and in his excitement shoots a bystander. The coward runs like a turkey. A community intimidated by a coward—a community afraid of two men, and one of 'em coward—a community afraid to express an opinion—a shame upon South Carolina's vaunted chivalry.

Last week we gave the particulars of a fight between Boggan Cash, the outlaw, and Mr. W. H. H. Richards, Marshal of Cheraw, which had its origin in the attempt of the Marshal to arrest Cash for drunkenness and disorderly conduct on the streets of Cheraw, Saturday night, February 16th.

The sequel shows that Boggan Cash is not only a graceless reprobate, a bully, a bulldozer of timid people, a villain, a cruel, brutal wretch, but that he is withal, a consummate coward:

On Saturday last he went to Cheraw, submitted, and paid his fine—forty dollars. The Marshal, being just, as well as brave, was satisfied, declined to prosecute Cash, and expressed himself as willing to let the matter drop.

He passed the Marshal several times during the day, but made no hostile demonstration, and this treachery led the Marshal to believe that he had nothing to apprehend. About four o'clock in the afternoon, he was standing on a corner, leaning up against a tree sunning himself, and conversing with a friend, thinking, perhaps, LESS of Boggan Cash than of anybody else in the world. While he thus stood, with his back to the sidewalk, Cash walked up, unheeded if not unobserved. When he had passed some three or four steps, he suddenly wheeled and commenced discharging a No. 38 Smith & Wesson pistol. The first shot missed the Marshal two feet, and struck Mr. James Coward in one side, penetrating his body to the other side, within a short distance of the surface, where it was cut out by the surgeon.

The second shot struck the Marshal in the breast, pierced one lung, and lodged in the region of the spine, in about the position that cowardly Guiteau's ball found a lodgment in the body of Garfield. A third time Cash fired, but missed again, the ball grazing the Marshal's clothing and burrying itself in a tree.

Then there appeared a scene well calculated to besmear the reputation for courage which the Cashes have acquired among timid people, and to establish the fact that the younger Cash, at least, is a craven-hearted, black-hearted, sneaking coward, even if his miserable shooting were not sufficient to prove that he was scared out of his wits when he fired at the back of the brave man whom he feared to face:

At the third shot Cash ran with all of his might for one block—ran as becomes a coward, with his back to the foe. When he had run about a hundred yards, he turned, and seeing that he was not pursued, bravely retreated backwards, brandishing his pistol and calling for his boy to bring his horse, which the boy failed to do. He retreated backwards-very brave indeed, as there was no one following him—to where the animal was standing. He leaped upon his horse, and galloped away at full speed homeward.

Thus the matter rests. Thus it will rest; for courage has fled to the bushes and justice is a corpse in Chesterfield county.

We go so far as to say, however, that Cash will not be arrested. After awhile he will name the terms of his surrender, will be allowed bail and will go unwhipped of justice. If he ever has a trial it will be but a shameless, brazen-faced mockery. He will be acquitted with honor, and will be turned loose like a mad bull upon the community, to murder other innocent, unoffending men unawares and to make widows and orphans at his brutal pleasure.

We have always denounced the Northern out-cry, "Lawlessness in the South," as a shame, an imposition, a wrong; but we are at last forced to admit that it is not altogether a bug-bear, in some parts of the South at least, and in Chesterfield county, South Carolina, especially. In that county a man who has lived in open defiance of the law for years is allowed to enter the principal town in broad open day light, walk up behind the chief of police and shoot him down like a dog, while a private citizen falls, pierced through and through by a random shot.

Cash, we hear from good authority, swears to have the blood of the editor of the Intelligencer. He is welcome to it, but if he comes to Wadesboro after it, we shall always feel in future that our existence in this world has not been passed without the accomplishment of some good."

The whole affair is a disgrace to South Carolina. The Cashes should not be allowed to live among decent people. Our only satisfaction in the matter is that Henley has taken the job of properly abusing them.

Henley's Plain Talk to the Post.

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN US.

There was a frolic at Jake Willoughby's, near the depot, last Saturday night, and another nigger got shot, but, we are sorry to say, was not seriously hurt. —Wadesboro Intelligencer.

The Wilmington Post of February 15th copied the above item, and howled over it to the extent of almost a column, under the heading, "Bourbon Diversions."

The nigger in question was shot by another nigger, and both were Radicals. If that great luminary, the Wilmington Post, does not know that Radical niggers are not Bourbons, he will do well to question some of his free nigger chums as to who and what a Bourbon is.

We cannot afford to waste much space on the Wilmington Post, upon the same principle that we care not to play with the tail of a skunk—not because the thing is dangerous but because it is so filthy. However, we will indicate the slight difference between the Intelligencer and the Post in reporting the shooting of one negro by another at a drunken frolic: When we said we were sorry the nigger was not seriously hurt, we spoke the truth; whereas, when the Post man indicates that he is sorry the negro was shot at all, he simply lies about it, for he knows well enough that he has no feelings in the premises either of regret or gladness, unless it is gladness of an opportunity to howl over what he is pleased to term a Bourbon diversion—the shooting of one nigger by another.

We want the Wilmington Post to explain what he means by calling black, dirty, drunken niggers Bourbons; and furthermore, if these qualities constitute a Bourbon, why in the deuce he is not a Bourbon himself.

ALL SORTS.

Hon. Kenneth Rayner, solicitor of the treasury is dead. The Star says he was born in Hertford Co., N. C.

Take Ayer's Sarsaparilla in the spring of the year to purify the blood, invigorate the system, excite the liver to action, and restore the healthy tone and vigor of the whole physical mechanism.

The remains of Mr. Tilden appear to be everywhere the first choice of the Democratic voters for President.—Boston Herald.

We do not think it possible for the Democratic party to commit such folly as to nominate him.

Mr. Joseph D Shields of Miss., has just published a one volume life of Sargent S. Prentiss.—Star.

Prentiss was probably the most magnificent orator the world has ever seen. A passion for gambling and the wine cup proved his ruin.

A clergyman in Pontiac, Mich., it is alleged, went to sleep on the platform at a recent union meeting, and, being requested to offer a prayer, grunted out with a yawn: "Gol darn it! kindle it yourself, Maria."—Waifs.

The extraordinary popularity of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is the natural result of its use by intelligent people for over forty years. It has indisputably proven itself the very best known specific for all colds, coughs, and pulmonary complaints.

Fred Douglass has married a red-headed white girl, 33 years old. We have no further use for him as a leader. His picture hangs in our parlor; we will hang it in the stable.—Pittsburgh Weekly News (colored people's paper).

Alexander Gumbleton Ruffleton Scuffleton Oberda Whittleton Southenhall Benjamin Franklin Squires is still a resident of North Carolina, aged 92. Mr. Squires' forbearance in not putting his parents to death will be commended by some, but not by others.—Courier-Journal.

Something ought to be done in North Carolina to keep our own people at home. The great desideratum is the discovery of something that will cause North Carolinians to *stick*. We are losing thousands of people without gaining many from abroad. An able-bodied man is worth at least $1,000 to the wealth of a State.—Star.

Who struck Billy Patterson was once the much mooted question. Now it is, "Is Tilden able to walk or is he a giant in strength?" It seems that no two men can get the same answer to it. If Tilden would only die the mind of the country would probably be at rest as to his condition and the Democratic party would feel much relieved. We don't want a scrub-stone for our candidate. Let the old ticket bury the old ticket. We are tired of the whole pesky thing.

THE COLOR LINE IN CHICAGO.—The colored population in Chicago is 6,480. Of these there were 2,015 arrested during the past year, being one in three of the total number of negroes. In spite of the cry that negroes are arrested in the South and white men allowed to escape, it is doubtful if there is any such ratio in the number as in Chicago.—Detroit Free Press.

HONOR TO A NOBLE ROMAN.—The committee in charge of the matter has selected for the late Senator Hill's statue the following inscriptions from his writings: "He who saves his country saves all things, and all things saved do bless him; who lets his country die lets all things die, dies himself ignobly, and all things dying curse him." For the reverse side: "The Constitution should know no section but should know all the States." On one side piece: "We are in our father's house; our brothers are our companions, and we are here to stay, thank God, forever." On the other side will be a brief record of the Senator's public and professional life. The statue is rapidly approaching completion.—Atlanta Constitution.

"Do you ever gamble," she asked as they sat together and the poet held her hand in his. "No, but if I wanted to now would be my time." "How so." "Because I hold a beautiful hand."—Ruth. Enterprise.

WARREN LELAND,

whom everybody knows as the successful manager of the

Largest Hotel Enterprises

of America, says that while a passenger from New York on board a ship going around Cape Horn, in the early days of emigration to California, he learned that one of the officers of the vessel had cured himself, during the voyage, of an obstinate disease by the use of

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Since then Mr. LELAND has recommended AYER'S SARSAPARILLA in many similar cases, and he has never yet heard of its failing to effect a radical cure.

Mr. LELAND'S farm laborer bruised his leg. Owing to the bad state of his blood, an ugly scrofulous swelling or lump appeared on the injured limb. Horrible itching of the skin, with burning and darting pains through the lump, made life almost intolerable. The leg became enormously enlarged, and running ulcers formed, discharging great quantities of extremely offensive matter. No treatment was of any avail till the man, by Mr. LELAND'S direction, was supplied with AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, which allayed the pain and irritation, healed the sores, removed the swelling, and completely restored the limb to use.

Mr. LELAND has personally used

Ayer Sarsaparilla

for Rheumatism, with entire success; and, after careful observation, declares that, in his belief, there is no medicine in the world equal to it for cases of Liver Disorders, Gout, the effects of high living, Salt Rheum, Scrofulous eruptions, and all the various forms of blood diseases.

We have Mr. LELAND'S permission to invite all who may desire further evidence in regard to the extraordinary curative powers of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA to see him personally either at Monmouth Ocean Hotel, Long Branch, or at the popular Leland Hotel, Broadway, 27th and 28th Streets, New York.

Mr. LELAND'S positive knowledge of the good done by this well-qualified eradicator of blood poisons leads him to give inquirers much valuable information.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists, six bottles for $5.

NOTICE.

By virtue of decree of the Superior Court of Sampson county, I will sell at the courthouse door in the town of Clinton on Tuesday, April 1st, 1884, the following tract of land, belonging to the estate of G. Barbrey, deceased:

Beaman tract containing 310 acres; Fleming tract, containing 330 acres; White tract, containing 100 acres; King tract, containing 250 acres.

Terms: Ten per cent. cash. One half remaining on 6 months credit, and balance on twelve months credit, title retained till purchase money is paid. Will be sold in tracts to suit purchasers.

A. G. BA[illegible], Adm'r.

15-1[illegible]

Advertisements.

NOTICE.

The undersigned having qualified as Administrator of Ross Peterson, dec'd, hereby notifies all persons having claims against said estate to present them on or before Feb. 21st, 1885, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to the estate of said decedent are requested to make immediate payment. This, the 21st February, 1884.

G. W. MOSELEY, Adm'r.
Kerr & Britt, Att'ys. [17-6t.

NOTICE.

Having this day qualified as Administrator of the estate of Geo. R. Grantham, dec'd, the undersigned notifies all persons having claims against the said estate to present the same, duly proven, within one year from this date, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please come forward and make immediate payment. This, the 23rd Feb., 1884.

WM. DAUGHTRY, Adm'r.
Boykin & Faison, Att'ys.

NOTICE.

The undersigned having this day qualified as Administrator of the estate of Wm. Byrd, deceased, hereby notifies all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment. All persons having claims against the said estate are also notified to present the same, duly proven, within one year from this date, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery.

W. A. THOMSON, Adm'r.
Boykin & Faison, Att'ys.
Feb. 12, 1884. [17-4t.

NOTICE.

The undersigned having been appointed receiver at the last term of Superior Court of Sampson county, of the effects of Allen Williamson, deceased, hereby notifies all persons indebted to the deceased or to his late administrator James Williamson, to make immediate payment as longer indulgence will not be given. Persons holding claims against the estate of Allen Williamson, deceased, are requested to present them duly authenticated. This, the 7th day of February, 1884.

W. H. BOYKIN, Collector.
Stewart & Richardson, Att'ys.

CHANGE OF BASE!

The undersigned has removed from the Old Hotel in Kenansville to the New Hotel, which is near the Court House, and near the Celebrated Spring, where he will be pleased to see his former patrons and the travelling public generally. Rooms comfortable and neat, and the table supplied with the best the market affords. Come to see me.

THOS. J. FORLAW, Prop'r.
Kenansville, N. C., Feb., 1884.
18-4t.

CLINTON HOTEL

Under New MANAGEMENT

Having rented the Clinton Hotel, I propose to keep a First-Class house in every particular. Special accommodations for ladies.

Terms Reasonable.

Prompt and polite attention to all guests,

Wm S PETERSON.
15-tf.

Buggies and Harness

I have on hand a lot of Buggies and Harness, of a superior variety and workmanship—among them the celebrated "Columbus Buggy" which I will sell at lowest rates for cash.

J. W. POWELL.

GARDEN GROWTH TEAS

Families can save about one-half by sending to us for Teas, as we import our own, and have done so for forty years. THE ORIGINAL AMERICAN TEA CO.

Send for Circular, which gives prices and full particulars, to ROB'T WELLS, PRES., 43 Vesey St., New York. P. O. Box 1287.

ONE DOLLAR'S worth of any of our garden growth, China or Japan Teas sent by mail, post paid, or a LARGER quantity by express, charges paid. [15-3m.

SANITARIUM, Riverside, Cal. The City climate cures Asthma, Throat, Lung, Kidney, Liver, Stomach, Bowel, Blood, Skin, Uterine and Nervous Diseases. Send for Pamphlet.

MARRIAGE GUIDE. 100 PAGES. Illustrated. All that the doubtful curious or thoughtful want to know. Cloth and gilt binding of six, paper 25c. Mailed free. Guide, 144 p. 8vo, sent on receipt of stamps or 25c. Address DR. WHITTIER PITTSBURGH, PA. The great specialist, Broad and Liberty streets. Consultation and Examination free. Office hours, 9 to 4. Sundays, 10 to 12. Diseases of Men only. Treatment by mail or express. Medicines sent everywhere, secure from observation. Send for Book for Men. Consultation free. Strictest confidence. Call or write. Delays are dangerous. Don't wait. Don't neglect. Don't be deceived. Don't be humbugged. Don't be imposed upon. Don't be swindled. Don't be cheated. Don't be robbed. Don't be ruined. Don't be destroyed. Don't be killed. Don't be murdered. Don't be hanged. Don't be electrocuted. Don't be guillotined. Don't be shot. Don't be stabbed. Don't be poisoned. Don't be drowned. Don't be burned. Don't be frozen. Don't be starved. Don't be suffocated. Don't be strangled. Don't be choked. Don't be smothered. Don't be crushed. Don't be mangled. Don't be dismembered. Don't be decapitated. Don't be beheaded. Don't be quartered. Don't be disemboweled. Don't be eviscerated. Don't be gutted. Don't be skinned. Don't be flayed. Don't be scalped. Don't be tortured. Don't be racked. Don't be broken on the wheel. Don't be impaled. Don't be crucified. Don't be lynched. Don't be tarred and feathered. Don't be ridden on a rail. Don't be ducked. Don't be pilloried. Don't be stocked. Don't be whipped. Don't be flogged. Don't be caned. Don't be horsewhipped. Don't be cowhided. Don't be switched. Don't be spanked. Don't be slapped. Don't be kicked. Don't be cuffed. Don't be boxed. Don't be punched. Don't be struck. Don't be hit. Don't be touched. Don't be tickled. Don't be pinched. Don't be scratched. Don't be bitten. Don't be chewed. Don't be swallowed. Don't be digested. Don't be assimilated. Don't be excreted. Don't be voided. Don't be evacuated. Don't be discharged. Don't be ejected. Don't be expelled. Don't be thrown out. Don't be cast out. Don't be driven out. Don't be banished. Don't be exiled. Don't be deported. Don't be transported. Don't be sent to the penitentiary. Don't be sent to the chain gang. Don't be sent to the workhouse. Don't be sent to the reformatory. Don't be sent to the insane asylum. Don't be sent to the lunatic asylum. Don't be sent to the madhouse. Don't be sent to the bedlam. Don't be sent to the hospital. Don't be sent to the infirmary. Don't be sent to the dispensary. Don't be sent to the clinic. Don't be sent to the laboratory. Don't be sent to the morgue. Don't be sent to the cemetery. Don't be sent to the graveyard. Don't be sent to the potter's field. Don't be sent to the crematory. Don't be sent to the furnace. Don't be sent to the oven. Don't be sent to the fire. Don't be sent to the flames. Don't be sent to the hell. Don't be sent to the devil. Don't be sent to the damnation. Don't be sent to the perdition. Don't be sent to the eternal fire. Don't be sent to the eternal damnation. Don't be sent to the eternal perdition. Don't be sent to the eternal hell. Don't be sent to the eternal devil. Don't be sent to the eternal flames. Don't be sent to the eternal fire. Don't be sent to the eternal damnation. Don't be sent to the eternal perdition. Don't be sent to the eternal hell. Don't be sent to the eternal devil. Don't be sent to the eternal flames.

NO NEW THING.

STRONG'S SANATIVE PILLS

Used throughout the country FOR OVER 40 YEARS, And thus proved The Best Liver Medicine in the World.

No Griping, Poisonous Drugs, but purely Vegetable, safe and reliable. Prescribed even by Physicians. A speedy cure for Liver Complaint. Regulating the Bowels, Purifying the Blood, Cleansing from Malarial Taint. A perfect cure for Sick Headache, Constipation and all Bilious Disorders. Sold by Druggists. For Pamphlet, etc., address C. E. HULL & CO., 19 Cedar St., N. Y. City.

Advertisements. Advertisements.

NOTICE.

NO CHATTEL MORTGAGES TO FORECLOSE! NO LOSSES TO MAKE GOOD OUT OF YOU. EVERYTHING FOR CASH AT LOWEST PRICES AT

A F Johnson's

LADIES'

DRESS GOODS.

BLACK AND COLORED CASHEMERS, JERSEY CLOTHS, VELVETS, MOHAIRS, PLAIDS, JERSEY JACKETS AND CLOAKS, SHAWLS, SKIRTS AND HOSIERY. ALL THE LATEST STYLES. NO CHATTEL MORTGAGE PRICES AT

A F Johnson'

Boots AND Shoes.

THE LARGES STOCK IN THE MARKET—THE BEST GRADES AND LOWEST PRICES. BOUGHT DIRECT FROM THE MANUFACTURERS FOR CASH AND SOLD AT PRICES THAT DEFY COMPETITION

CHILDREN'S TIPPED SHOES. STANDARD WIRE FASTENED—OF ALL SIZES—WARRANTED QUALITY.

NO CHATTEL MORTGAGE PRICES AT

A F Johnson's

New Furniture.

BEDSTEADS AT ALL PRICES. BED-ROOM SETS—HICKORY, OAK, MAPLE, AND WALNUT CHAIRS AND ROCKERS. MATTRESSES, BLANKETS, SHEETING, MARSAILLES QUILTS, CARPETS, &c., &c. NO CHATTEL MORTGAGE PRICES AT

A F Johnson's

WINDOWS

Doors and Blinds.

ON HAND AND TO ORDER AT LOWEST PRICES. LOCKS OF ALL KINDS, HINGES, SCREWS AND ALL KINDS OF BUILDER'S HARDWARE, CARPENTERS' TOOLS, AXES, HOES, SHOVELS, SPADES, &c., &c., NO CHATTEL MORTGAGE PRICES AT

A. F. JOHNSON'S.

READ! READ!

Latest Styles, Sure Fits, Lowest Prices in

CLOTHING,

Consisting of Cassimere Suits, in Plain and Fancy Colors, in Cloviots, Worstead, Basket, Cork-Screw, Diagonal, Tricot and Broadcloth.

My receipts of Clothing, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Gents' Furnishing Goods, including the well-known

PEARL - SHIRT.

ALSO A FINE LINE OF

Dry goods, Millinery

Cloaks, Jerseys, &c., have been simply immense. Ask the Railroad and Steamship Agents and they will tell you to whom the largest stock of the above named goods has been shipped this season. I claim that my

Men's Youth's Boys School and Children's Suits

Compare favorably with any of the large cities within 600 miles of Clinton, and I am prepared to sell them even cheaper. WHY? My expenses are smaller and my motto is:

"QUICK SALES AND SMALE PROFITS."

Come now and make your selections while my stock is yet new and complete. I can save you money, time and trouble, and give you perfect satisfaction in every particular.

Yours for Economy and Fair Dealing,
M. HANSTEIN, (The Clothier.)

PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS

MAKE NEW RICH BLOOD

And will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take 1 Pill each night from 1 to 12 weeks, may be restored to sound health, if such a thing be possible. For Female Complaints these Pills have no equal. Physicians use them for the cure of LIVER and KIDNEY disease. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25c. in stamps. Circulars free. J. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

DIPHTHERIA

Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT (For Internal and External use) will instantly relieve and rapidly cure the worst cases. JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT (For External use only) will positively prevent Diphtheria if used in time. Thousands have been saved from terrible diseases and death by the timely use of this Liniment. Not one case has ever been reported where it has failed to cure. Every family should have a bottle of it on hand. Prevention is better than cure. Sold everywhere. Price 25c. and 50c. per bottle. Manufactured only by J. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT CURES Influenza, Pleurisy, Sore Throat, Hacking Cough, Whooping Cough, Chronic Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Chills, Fevers, Diseases of the Spine, Sold everywhere. Circulars free. J. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

It is a well-known fact that most of the Horse and Cattle Powder sold in this country is worthless; that Sheridan's Condition Powder is absolutely pure and very valuable. Nothing on Earth will make hens lay like Sheridan's Condition Powder. Does one teaspoonful to each pint of food. It will also positively prevent and cure CHICKEN CHOLERA. MAKE HENS LAY

Advertisements.

NEW FIRM.

Underwood & Matthis,

LIGHT and HEAVY GROCERIES.

FARM SUPPLIES A SPECIALTY.

We are now opening and offering for sale a splendid assortment of Groceries for Farm and Family Use. We sell for Cash and are determined to make prices as low as the lowest. Our stock consists in part of

Flour, Coffee, Sugar, Molasses, Butter, Cheese, Lard, Crackers, Canned Goods Of all Kinds, Fresh and Pure.

Farming Implements, Spades, Shovels, Pitchforks, &c., Cheap and Good.

Cigars, Tobacco, Snuff.

Hardware, Tinware, &c., &c.

We have opened at the Underwood Store a Purely Grocery Establishment, First-Class in every respect. We will be glad to see our friends and patrons at all times, and shall do our best to please them in quality and price.

Call and see for yourselves.

UNDERWOOD & MATTHIS.
12-tf

W. H. STETSON

Removed his place of business to the STORE next door to M. HANSTEIN'S, where he will be glad to see ANY and ALL DESIRING GOOD WORK IN HIS LINE.

He keeps on hand and makes to order, an Harness, Saddles, Bridles, Martingales, Etc.

He also keeps Buggy Whips, HorseCollars, Hames, &c. &c., and every thing usually found in a first class Harness and Saddle Establishment. Work well done. Prices reasonable. Call on him and give him a trial

Apl 13,tf

Law.

E. T. BOYKIN. H. E. FAISON.

BOYKIN & FAISON,
Attorneys-at-law,
Clinton, N. C.

Will practise in the Superior Courts of Sampson, Duplin, Pender, Wayne, Bladen Counties and in the Supreme Court of the State.
apl. 5,tf.

STALLINGS, NICHOLSON & COOPER

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW

CLINTON,
Sampson County, N. C.

Will practice in the courts of Sampson, Duplin, Bladen and Wayne. They may be found at all times during business hours at their office over Mr. W. G. Rackleys' store. All business entrusted to them will receive prompt and careful attention.

J. W. POWELL,

ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
CLINTON, N. C.

Will practice in the Courts of Sampson and adjoining Counties. All business entrusted to him will receive prompt and careful attention. [95

ROCK SPRING HOTEL.

Wilmington, N. C.

R. S. LOVE, PROPRIETOR.

Board, per day,.....$1 25
" " week,..... 6 00

11-1y.

THE CAUCASIAN

Every Thursday Morning.

CLINTON, N. C.

Thursday - - - March 13 '84.

LOCAL.

D. B. NICHOLSON, Editor.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

The following new advertisements appear in this issue of the paper:

M. C. Peterson—Steam saw mill for sale.

Rufus F. Herring—Sale of land.

The subscription price of the CAUCASIAN has been raised to $2.00 per year, but to those who will pay the cash by June 1st we will send the paper one year for $1.50. As circumstances will allow we shall make many more improvements. It is our purpose to make the CAUCASIAN the equal to any paper [illegible]

[illegible] now

Stewart's are

[illegible] weather-

[illegible] thick

[illegible] have a

Markets were crowded out last week; but they are in full force this week revised and corrected.

We beg the pardon of our friend Mr. R. R. Vann for calling him Dr. The printer made the mistake and we overlooked it.

The Presbyterian church in Clinton is receiving a new coat of paint inside and out. The congregation worshiped in the Methodist church last Sabbath.

The next Union meeting of the South River Association will be held at Rowan church, two miles east of Clinton, embracing the 5th Sunday of the present month.

The Treasurer of Sampson county paid out on Saturday and Monday, March 1st and 3rd, $1713.62 for all purposes. Of this sum $1003.65 was paid to public school teachers.

The District Conference of the Wilmington District, North Carolina Conference, will be held at Goshen church, in this county, embracing the 4th Sunday in July, 1884.

Rev. Dr. Theo. Whitfield, of Goldsboro, preached a missionary sermon at New Hope church last Saturday. His discourse was a fine one, and we trust it will result in much good.

Mr. Leonard J. Merriman, of Savannah, Georgia, is visiting friends and relatives in this county and Duplin. Mr. Merriman left Sampson about four years ago, and we rejoice to know that he has succeeded well in business.

Dr. Bobbitt, P. E. Wilmington District, held Quarterly Meeting at Bryant's church, in this county, last Saturday and Sunday. His sermons were able and impressive. The Dr. is very much liked in this part of his District.

Our young friends, Messrs. A. T. and F. J. Cooper returned last week from the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Baltimore, having completed the course and obtained the degree of M. D. We wish them much success in their chosen profession.

Tell all the people to come to Clinton Saturday the 15th inst. and take part in the meeting to be held that day to discuss the question whether or not Sampson ought to make an appropriation to display her resources at the State Exposition, and tell them to be sure to say yes.

Boys, remember that politeness is cheap capital and is current everywhere. It always purchases friendship. Remember also that its opposite is equally cheap and equally current. It always purchases contempt. There is a point in this for certain boys we know if they will only see it.

Verily, the Clinton and Point Caswell Railroad is destined to work wonders for the land owners of Sampson. At the embryo city of "Dobbinsville," (we refer to the next geography for its location) business lots are selling at rates of $500 to $725 per acre. And this too in the midst of the piney wilds of lower Sampson; but then the graded road-bed is in sight. When the rails are laid who can foretell what may be?

The Sampson Light Infantry had their regular monthly drill last Friday. They tried their skill at target shooting. Their target was 6x6 feet. When they were through with it, it would have answered very well for the bottom of a street sprinkler, except that it was rather solid about the centre. It is now plain to our mind why so few men are killed in battle.

Joking aside, several of the boys proved themselves to be good marksmen and no strangers with the rifle. A few shots, however, have not yet been heard from, as returns are not in from Colarie. Private Bramble brought away the badge.

We learn that the company elected three new members on ... and expect others soon. It is their wish to double their present strength. It is the desire of all good citizens to see this organization kept fully up to the standard. Come in boys and fill their ranks and let every one speak a good word for and take a pride in our soldier boys.

The Directors of the Clinton and Point Caswell Railroad held a meeting at Wilmington on Wednesday the 5th inst. A contract was awarded to Mr. A. P. Holland for grading the 9 miles between the work on the lower end of the route and Mr. Jno. D. Kerr's store on Black River. This leaves only about 10 miles yet to be let out. Mr. Holland proposes to begin work very soon, and push it with his usual vim and energy.

Steps were also taken to insure a speedy collection of the 60 per cent. due by stockholders. Messrs. J. A. Ferrell, C. Partrick and Wm. A. Johnson were appointed a committee to enforce the collections. They have appointed Mr. T. M. Ferrell to receive and receipt for money for them. He is ready, willing and waiting to perform the duty thus entrusted to him. The Company mean business. They intend to build the road, and they are going to collect the money due by stockholders. Parties interested are earnestly requested to call on Mr. T. M. Ferrell and settle without cost. Otherwise they need not be surprised if they are sued.

Hurrah for the Railroad! We are patiently waiting for it, and we have faith that it will come.

A Reply.

In the last issue of the worthy CAUCASIAN was a communication signed Isaac, striking at the Young Merchant, in reply to which the aforesaid Y. M. will slightly retaliate, although he is subjected to a great disadvantage, as the so-called Isaac is not enough responsible for what he writes to give his real name. No doubt but he is a smart Isaac in his own estimation, as his piece was purely original, certainly he is very sympathetic in his nature to volunteer his services to help [illegible] out of a bad scrape.

Some write for honor, and some write for fame, yet that Isaac writes with a fictitious name. Would suggest to him, that if he desires to become a correspondent of the CAUCASIAN, that he write articles that would enlighten the reader's mind, instead of jumping into measures that don't concern him. For instance: He could write about the State Exposition, or give some information about politics, yet judging from the nature of his article it is to be feared and also regretted that his political views would not meet the approbation of the many readers of the CAUCASIAN in this purely Southern and patriotic land. Bring out another man.

THE YOUNG MERCHANT ON THE CORNER.

FOR THE CAUCASIAN.

MESSRS. EDITORS: We certainly commend the words of the Star of last Friday on mail contracts to the earnest and early consideration of our congressmen. We wish them to sift the matter thoroughly and see how it is that rings, &c., in and around Washington City are so successful in underbidding our own citizens on the star route contracts of this State. We know whereof we speak when we state that nearly every contract in this section of [illegible] has been let to combinations formed [illegible] many

that it will be impossible to perform the service at all properly at such rates. Let every citizen in this State resolve not to sublet a single one of the contracts and let every paper in the State copy this and urge this course upon its readers.

March 10th, '84. X.

THE STATE.

Henri Watterson is to deliver the Literary Address and Rev. Dr. Hawthorne of Richmond, is to preach the Annual Sermon at the approaching Commencement at Chapel Hill.

Fayetteville Sun: The fine residence of our friend Alex Sessoms, Esq., of Flea Hill township, was destroyed by fire on Monday, the 3d inst. There was no insurance.

Durham Recorder: We never knew tobacco to sell so high as it did last Friday. We heard a number of farmers say they received as much for their tobacco as they wanted.

You don't meet every day a pleasanter fellow on the train than Tom McKoy, now again with the Thurbers. He is shaking hands now with his North Carolina friends, having charge of this part of the grocery vineyard for his house.—Raleigh Chronicle.

The following North Carolinians graduated at the recent Commencement of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Baltimore: J. T. J. Battle, J. W. Berry, G. C. Brooks, Chas. E. Clayton, A. T. Cooper, F. J. Cooper, George Daughton, Wm. Edwards, T. G. Erwin, W. M. Fowlkes, J. M. Flippin, M. H. Futrell, W. R. Graham, W. J. Harrell, F. H. Horton, A. F. Houck, H. P. Murray, M. P. Perry, W. B. Pritchard.

Statesville American: We see it stated that Congressman Vance, since the assembling of Congress in December last, has averaged over two speeches a week before the temperance societies in Washington. ——At Eagle Mills on the morning of the 23d of February a large building, originally intended for a factory and owned by Col. T. N. Cooper, was burned. The fire was undoubtedly the work of an incendiary. This is the second misfortune of the kind that has befallen Col. Cooper recently.

— The attention of farmers is called to the advertisement of Messrs. Baugh & Sons, in another column. The reputation of their Phosphate is world-wide. Send for circular.

Now's the time to give Smith's Worm Oil.

Commissioners Meeting.

Proceedings of the Board of County Commissioners at their meeting March 3rd and 5th, '84:

Present—J R Beaman, chairman, and commissioner L A Powell.

Allowances for and on account of paupers and prisoners:

Fannie Newkirk, 3 mos sup,	$ 3 00
Til Bizzell, 3 mos sup,	6 00
Rebecca and Nancy Coats, 3 mos sup,	8 00
James Hobbs, 3 mos sup, idiot son,	9 00
Josiah Pope, poorhouse account,	14 33
Hiram Hall, 3 mos sup,	9 00
Alex Wilson, 3 mos sup,	9 00
R and L Faircloth, 3 mos sup,	18 00
Hardy Faircloth, 3 mos sup,	6 00
John Hall, 3 mos sup,	6 00
Marilda Daughtrey, 3 mos sup,	4 00
Polly Caison, 3 mos sup,	7 50
Rebecca Caison, 3 mos sup,	4 00
Malcom Wright and wife, 3 mos sup,	3 00
Canzada Weeks, 3 mos sup,	9 00
Kitty Pridgen, 3 mos sup,	3 00
S J Wiley, 3 mos sup,	9 00
Needham Bronson, 3 mos sup,	3 00
Dr A Holmes, poorhouse account,	46 75
Dicey Springs, 3 mos sup,	3 00
W S Smith, 1 mo sup T Lawrence,	10 00
L H Peterson, 3 mos sup,	6 00
J H Royal & Bro, poor house account,	31 56
Moses Faircloth, 3 mos sup,	7 50
Fannie Hall, 3 mos sup,	3 00
W S Peterson, jail account,	56 25
Henderson Parker, 3 mos sup,	3 00
J M Byrd, bringing prisoner from Cumberland,	10 00

Miscellaneous allowances:

J D Kerr, removing obstructions at bridge,	4 00
V J McArthur, calling court,	14 00
J T Gregory, services to Grand Jury,	4 50
Hill, sheriff, for ser's,	16 20
Hill, D Thompson bill of cost,	50 72
Harrell, for stationery,	12 50
Stallings & Cooper, print'g	3 00
J R Beaman, services as chairman,	6 60
L A Powell, services as commissioner,	6 00
Josiah Robinson, services as clerk,	18 50

Board made Quarterly settlement with A. B. Chesnutt, county treasurer.

Published by order of Board.

JOSIAH ROBINSON, Clerk.

Tribute of Respect.

WHEREAS, It has pleased the Grand Architect of the universe, in His inscrutible wisdom, to remove from our midst our worthy and beloved brother, Bennett Brewer, who, we hope and trust, was prepared to meet this visitation of his Divine Master, and be welcomed by Him into the glorious and celestial Lodge above.

Resolved, That while we meekly and humbly bow to this manifestation of God's divine will, we sincerely lament the loss of our esteemed brother, and join our hearts with feelings of great sympathy with his afflicted companion and family.

Resolved, That in the death of brother Brewer, Masonry has lost one who possessed many of the cardinal virtues of the order, the church a consistent member, and the community an upright and faithful citizen.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of our deceased brother, and also be spread upon the minutes of the Lodge.

O. L. CHESNUTT,
WILEY O. GILBERT,
A. T. HERRING,
Com.

MARKET REPORTS.

WILMINGTON.

Corrected from the Wilmington Star every Wednesday.

Turpentine, soft—₽ bbl.	$ 2 25
Turpentine, virgin—₽ bbl.	2 25
Turpentine, hard—₽ bbl	1 25
Turpentine, spirits—₽ gal.	33
Rosin —₽ bbl.	$1 20 @ $1 25
Tar "	$1 40
Cotton ordinary—₽ lb.	8¼
" good " "	9⅞
" low middling "	10
" " "	10⅜
"good " "	10⅝
Peanuts —₽ bus.	$1.20 @ $1 65
Rice rough	"80 @ $1 10
" clean —₽ lb.	4¼ @8

CLINTON

Carefully Revised Weekly
BY
J. H. ROYAL & BRO.,
Dealers in General Merchadise

Bacon—Hog Round	10
Hams	12½
Sides	11
Shoulders	10
D. S. S.	12½
Pork—Mess	
Fresh	7a8
N. C. Lard	12½
Lard, Northern	12½
Butter, N. C.	25
Mountain	
Northern	40
Beef	5a10
Rice—Rough	90a$1 00
Clean	8a10
Corn	90a$1.00
Peas	75a$1.00
Fodder	85a$1.00
Potatoes	40a50
Chickens	15a25
Eggs	10
Turkeys	75$a1.00
Coffee—Rio	14a16
Java	20a35
Laguyra	16a20
Corn Meal	$1.10
Flour	6.50a7.50
Molasses	50a60
Hides	3½a6
Peanuts	1.25a1.50
Salt, Liverpool	$1 40
Fine	$2 40
Sugar	8a12½
Shingles	$3.50
Tallow	5a6
Beeswax	20a25
Lime	$2.50

NOTICE.

By virtue of a decree of the Superior Court of Sampson county I will sell by public sale at the courthouse door in the town of Clinton, on the 26th day of March, 1884, all that tract of land in Honeycutt's township, known as the Adam Butler land (widow's dower excepted) adjoining the lands of Raiford Butler, John Butler, Joseph D Parker and others, supposed to contain about 100 acres. Terms of sale, six months credit, with note and approved security, 20 per cent. of purchase money cash. Title reserved until purchase money is paid.

M. B. FOWLER,
Adm'r & Com'r.
Stewart & Richardson, Att'ys.
16-6w.

Advertisements.

AYER'S Cherry Pectoral.

No other complaints are so insidious in their attack as those affecting the throat and lungs: none so trifled with by the majority of sufferers. The ordinary cough or cold, resulting perhaps from a trifling or unconscious exposure, is often but the beginning of a fatal sickness. AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL has well proven its efficacy in a forty years' fight with throat and lung diseases, and should be taken in all cases without delay.

A Terrible Cough Cured.

"In 1857 I took a severe cold, which affected my lungs. I had a terrible cough, and passed night after night without sleep. The doctors gave me up. I tried AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, which relieved my lungs, induced sleep, and afforded me the rest necessary for the recovery of my strength. By the continued use of the PECTORAL a permanent cure was effected. I am now 62 years old, hale and hearty, and am satisfied your CHERRY PECTORAL saved me.
HORACE FAIRBROTHER."
Rockingham, Vt., July 15, 1882.

Croup.—A Mother's Tribute.

"While in the country last winter my little boy, three years old, was taken ill with croup; it seemed as if he would die from strangulation. One of the family suggested the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, a bottle of which was always kept in the house. This was tried in small and frequent doses, and to our delight in less than half an hour the little patient was breathing easily. The doctor said that the CHERRY PECTORAL had saved my darling's life. Can you wonder at our gratitude? Sincerely yours,
MRS. [illegible] ANEY."
159 West 128th St., New York, Jan. 16, 1882.

"I have used AYER'S Cherry Pectoral in my family for several years, and do not hesitate to pronounce it the most effectual remedy for coughs and colds we have ever tried.
A. J. CRANE."
Lake Crystal, Minn., March 13, 1882.

"I suffered for eight years from Bronchitis, and after trying many remedies with no success, I was cured by the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL.
JOSEPH WALDEN."
Dyhalia, Miss., April 8, 1882.

"I can not say enough in praise of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, believing as I do that but for its use I should long since have died from lung troubles.
E. BRAGDON."
Palestine, Texas, April 22, 1882.

No case of an affection of the throat or lungs exists which cannot be greatly relieved by the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, and it will *always* cure when the disease is not already beyond the control of medicine.

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists.

FOR SALE.

The Wilmington, Point Caswell and Clinton Railroad Company have for sale a forty horse power steam saw mill. Will be sold for six hundred dollars on easy terms. It is now located five miles south of Clinton. Apply to M. C. Peterson or M. M. Killett.

March 13th, 1884. [20-tf.

NOTICE.
SALE OF LAND.

On Monday, April the 7th, 1884, at the courthouse door in Clinton, on a credit of twelve months', except 10 per cent cash, the undersigned, by virtue of a decree of the Superior Court of Sampson county, will sell all that tract of land belonging to the estate of W. H. Herring, deceased, known as the William Moore land, bounded on the north by the road leading from Clinton to Piney Grove church, and the run of Beaver Dam on the east, by said run and the house of the said deceased, on the south by the land of the late Jas. A. Bizzell, and on the west by the said road, containing four hundred and eighty acres, more or less, subject to the dower of the said William Moore. The purchaser will be required to give bond and approved security. This, March 6th, 1884.

RUFUS F. HERRING,
20-4t.] Adm'r and Com'r.

READ THIS.

Farm Loans Negotiated. 8 per cent. interest—5 years time.

D. F. NICHOLSON,
Office over Messrs. Stewart & Hines store, Clinton, N. C.
13-tf.

W. E. FAISON,
Attorney at Law, Clinton, N. C.

Practices in all the courts of Sampson and Duplin counties. Office above W. G. Rackley's store. [19-3m.

STANDARD FERTILIZERS.

I will sell this season the well known and reliable Navassa Guano and Acid Phosphate, delivered at Clinton Lisbon and Warsaw. Also Lister's Guano, at Clinton and Warsaw.

L. C. HUBBARD,
Clinton, Feb. 12, '84. [16-6t.

NOTICE.

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA,
Sampson County.
In Superior Court.
Sol. B. Parker, Adm'r of Mitchel McGee, dec'd—Plaintiff,
Against
Peter Stevens, Owen Newman, Milton Newman and Nick Butler, and others, heirs at law—Defendants.
Petition to sell the lands of M. McGee, dec'd for assets.

Notice is hereby given to the above named defendants to appear at my office in Clinton, on the 29th March, 1884, at 12 o'clock M., and answer or demur to the plaintiff's complaint, which will be filed in my office on or before 29th March, 1884, praying for the sale of seventy-six acres of land lying in Sampson county, belonging to the estate of Mitchel McGee, dec'd. This, the 9th of February, 1884.

JAMES [illegible] BIZZELL,
[illegible] C. C.
16-6w.]

Advertisements. Advertisements.

WM. A. JOHNSON

Has secured the Agency for this place for the

COX COTTON PLANTER!

CASH PRICE $12.50.

CASH PRICE $12.50

THE BEST IN USE!

Buy One and thus Secure a Good Stand of Cotton.

IT IS TRULY WITHOUT A RIVAL WHEREVER IT HAS BEEN INTRODUCED. NO FARMER SHOULD BE WITHOUT ONE. ITS SUCCESS IS UNEQUALLED BY ANY AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENT OF THE KIND EVER OFFERED TO THE PUBLIC.

STOVES! STOVES!!

THE BEST COOKING STOVES ARE

"IRON KING" and "ELMO."

PRICES AS LOW AS THE LOWEST.

EVERY KIND OF FARMING UTENSIL NEEDED BY FARMERS WILL BE FOUND AT OUR STORE.

You can find no Better Assorted Stock of General Merchandise IN THE STATE, THAN AT THE STORE OF

WM. A. JOHNSON,

N. B.—Mr. Warren Johnson has an office with us, where he patiently waits to see those indebted to the late firm of Warren Johnson & Son.

SEND FOR THE PASTILLE Prof. Harris' Radical Cure TRADE MARK FOR Spermatorrhœa and Impotency OR ORGANIC WEAKNESS IN MEN CIRCULAR Sent FREE TRIAL BOX

Read What a Patient says of it:

"The Pastilles I purchased from you in August prove to me most conclusively that "while there is life there is hope." They did their work far beyond my utmost expectations, for I certainly did not expect that a habit of FOURTEEN YEARS' DURATION could be completely gotten under control in the exceedingly short time of two months. I can assure you that no false modesty will keep me from doing all that I can in adding to the success which will surely crown so beneficial a remedy."

Above extract from a letter dated—W. Va. Dec 26, 1881

The Pastilles are prepared and sold only by the
HARRIS REMEDY CO. MFG CHEMISTS,
306½ N. 10th St. ST. LOUIS, MO.

Use Harris's treatment $5, two months $5, three months 7

LANDRETHS' PEDIGREE SEEDS

ESTABLISHED NINETY-EIGHT YEARS

SEEDS For the MERCHANT on our New Plan SEEDS
SEEDS For the MARKET GARDENER SEEDS
For the PRIVATE FAMILY
Grown by ourselves on our own Farms

Handsome Illustrated Catalogue and Rural Register FREE TO ALL. MERCHANTS, SEND US YOUR BUSINESS CARDS FOR TRADE LIST.

DAVID LANDRETH & SONS, SEED GROWERS, PHILADELPHIA

TUTT'S HAIR DYE. GRAY HAIR, OR WHISKERS changed instantly to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. Produces a natural color. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of $1. Office, 44 Murray Street, New York. TUTT'S MANUAL OF USEFUL RECEIPTS FREE.

TUTT'S PILLS TORPID BOWELS, DISORDERED LIVER, and MALARIA. From these sources arise three fourths of the diseases of the human race. Among the symptoms produced are Loss of Appetite, Bowels costive, Sick Headache, Fulness after eating, Eructation of food, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, A Feeling of having neglected some duty, Dizziness, Nausea, Constipation, and dozens of other symptoms. Only a few bottles of this medicine are required to prove its wonderful effects in such cases. One dose will convince the most skeptical of its merits. Every sufferer is invited to try one box. Price 25 cents. Office, 44 Murray Street, New York. ANTIDOTE TO MALARIA.

HARTER'S IRON TONIC THE ONLY TRUE FACTS REGARDING Dr. Harter's Iron Tonic

It will purify and enrich the BLOOD, regulate the LIVER and KIDNEYS, and RESTORE THE HEALTH and VIGOR of YOUTH. In all those diseases requiring a certain and efficient TONIC, especially Dyspepsia, Want of Appetite, Lassitude, Loss of Memory, or Nervousness, this Iron is unrivalled with immediate and continued results. Builds, nourishes and purifies the blood, and supplies it with Iron. Ladies suffering from all complaints peculiar to their sex will find in DR. HARTER'S IRON TONIC a safe and speedy cure. It gives a clear and healthy complexion. The strongest testimonial to the value of DR. HARTER'S IRON TONIC is that so many attempts at counterfeiting have been made on the popularity of the original. If you earnestly desire health do not experiment—get the ORIGINAL AND BEST.

Send your address to The Dr. Harter Med. Co. St. Louis, Mo., for our "DEAN BOOK." Full of strange and useful information, free.

DR. HARTER'S IRON TONIC IS FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS EVERYWHERE.

BLISS' SEEDS

1845. Illustrated Hand-Book 1884.
For the Farm and Garden. 100 pages.

2000 Illustrations, and a beautiful Colored Plate of Flowers, tells What, When and How to plant and is full of information invaluable to all interested in gardening. Mailed for 60c. to cover postage.

Illustrated Novelty List, describing all the newest varieties Flowers, Vegetables, Cereals, Fruit, Plants, &c. Mailed Free.

ORDER NOW
And have on hand when you want to plant.
A FLOWER GARDEN FOR $1.00.
20 packets choice Flower Seeds (our selection), including WILD GARDEN SEEDS (a mixture of 100 varieties of Flower Seeds), for $1.00.
A VEGETABLE GARDEN FOR $1.00.
20 pkts. Choice Vegetable Seeds (our selection), including Bliss's American Wonder Pea, for $1.
BOTH the above for $1.75. Gardener's Hand Book telling you how to grow them, sent *Free* with orders.

B. K. BLISS & SONS,
34 Barclay St., New-York.

Advertisements.

CALL ON
W. J. BRAMBLE
And have your Pictures taken.
Ferro Types, 25 cents.
Photographs, $3.00 per dozen.

W J Bramble, Tonsorial Artist
Shaving, 10 cents.
Hair Cutting, 25 cents.
Shampooing, 25 cents.
17-4t.

PAUL NE
OR
The GIRL of PINEY DELL,
A New Story by a Native of Eastern Carolina.

It is a well told narative of love and adventure, interwoven with faithful and accurate descriptions of the manners and customs of our people. The portrayal of scenes and incidents is also very fine. For sale in Clinton by
C. T. BUTLER & CO.
17-4t.

HARRIS REMEDY CO., [illegible] Chemists, St. Louis, Missouri. [illegible] HARRIS' FASTALE REMEDY [illegible] Directions for [illegible] this disease and mode of cure sent wherever requested.

LIME! LIME!
AGRICULTURAL LIME and BUILDING LIME. Also CARBO-PHOSPHATE or PHOSPHATIC LIME
Send for Circular. Address
FRENCH BROS. ROCKY POINT, NORTH CAROL'A

TO TOBACCO GROWERS OF NORTH CAROLINA!
YOU CAN SAVE MONEY BY USING
BAUGH'S SPECIAL SUBSTITUTES FOR PERUVIAN GUANO.
BAUGH'S New Process 10 per ct. GUANO
A perfect substitute for PERUVIAN Guaranteed to contain 10 per cent. of Ammonia. Wholesale Price $55 per 2,000 lbs. in Baltimore.
BAUGH'S SPECIAL SUBSTITUTE FOR SIX PER CENT. PERUVIAN GUANO.
Wholesale Price $35 per 2,000 lbs. in Baltimore.
☞ In order that all may be able to use
BAUGH'S SPECIAL FERTILIZER FOR TOBACCO!
We are now selling it direct to Farmers of North Carolina at $33 per ton, on board in Baltimore in good bags of 200 lbs. each—Cash with order—thus giving the Farmer who buys but a single ton, advantages of the wholesale prices. We would however advise Farmers clubbing together and buying in car-load lots to secure lowest freight rates.
☞ Send for our pamphlet giving full description and wholesale prices of our standard brands of Bone Fertilizers and approved formulas. Address as above and inquire for
BAUGH & SONS
103 SOUTH ST. BALTIMORE, MD
2 3-6-4]

THE LIGHT-RUNNING NEW HOME Sewing Machine

Simple Strong Swift & Sure

PERFECT IN EVERY PARTICULAR. HAS NO EQUAL. NEVER OUT OF ORDER.
NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE CO.
30 UNION SQUARE NEW YORK.
CHICAGO ILL. ORANGE MASS. ATLANTA GA.
FOR SALE BY

J. L. STONE
Raleigh, N. C.

Improved Novelty FOLDING TABLE.

OVER 500,000 IN DAILY USE.
USEFUL IN THE SICK ROOM
ALSO FOR A
Study Table,
Ladies' Table or Lap Board.
PIC-NIC AND GARDEN PARTIES Will Have Them.
Stands firm when in use, and can be folded, occupying no space when not in use.

S. C. VAN DUZEE MF'G CO.,
GOUVERNEUR, N. Y.
SOLE MANUFACTURERS.

C. PARTRIC[illegible]
DEALER IN
STAPLE AND FANCY
Groceries.
A full, choice, and complete line of Cigars, Cigarettes and Fresh Tobacco, Confectionery Nuts, Fruits &c,
HARDWARE,
HOLLOW WARE,
TOOLS, CUTLERY,
Farmers' Supplies
of all kinds always on hand.
WINES, LIQUORS CIGARS
TOBACCO AND SNUFF
Prices as low as the lowest and highest market prices given for Country produce. Call on him!
Oct 12.

$20 DOLLARS
WILL BUY

THE FAVORITE
SINGER
STYLE
SEWING MACHINE
Made in a perfect manner of the best materials and warranted to do the whole range of FAMILY SEWING
as well as the machines sold by canvassers for $40 and upwards.
STRONG, HANDSOME, LIGHT-RUNNING, DURABLE.
A fair trial granted before payment is required. Write for Illustrated Catalogue and testimonials.
Co-operative Sewing Machine Company,
9-5t.] PHILADELPHIA, PA.

"HOME FERTILIZER."
Composed of the highest grade Pure Animal Bone, and such chemicals as contain the largest amount of PLANT FOOD in the most concentrated form. Been used successfully under Cotton, Corn, Tobacco and Wheat for seven or eight years. Twenty-five per cent. cheaper than ready-mixed fertilizers. We refer with pleasure to a large number of farmers in Pennsylvania, Virginia, Maryland, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia and Florida. We also refer to the analyses of the State Chemist in North Carolina for five years and in Georgia for four years.
Will be pleased to mail our annual book of certificates and instructions to all who will write for the same.
In addition to above, we sell Kainit, Acid Phosphate, Nitrate Soda, Sulph Ammonia, and all Chemicals for agricultural purposes. The purest goods at the best market rates.
Read the following strong certificates:

A PREMIUM GAINED BY ITS USE.

WADESBORO, N. C., Dec. 1, '79.
Messrs W. J. McLendon & Co.—Gentlemen: Please pay the premium offered by our Society, for the best yield per acre of cotton and corn in this County by the use of the "Home Fertilizer," to Mr. J. B. Lindsay. Our committee find by careful measurement that he made 14,000 lbs. seed cotton on 6 1-4 acres, or about 2,200 lbs. to one acre; and he also made 136 bushels of corn on 1 3-4 acres, or about 77 bushels to the acre.
JOHN ROBERSON, President.
J. A. LEAK, Treasurer.
JOHN PATRICK, Secretary.
[The above extraordinary yield of cotton and corn, made on the average lands of Anson County, N. C., speaks for itself. The amount was made with the use of the "Home Fertilizer" alone, a manure manufactured at home, for less than half the price of ready mixed fertilizers. We can give many other cases just as strong and authentic. On the success of the "Home" there are, and will be, hundreds of imitations: formulas started similar to ours, for one or two dollars per ton less, of cheap and impure chemicals. So beware. Buy the genuine, when you know that you will get a good, cheap and reliable manure.]
Order direct from Boykin, Carmer & Co., Baltimore, Md.

TESTED BY TIME.
STRONG'S PECTORAL PILLS
IN SUCCESSFUL USE FOR
HALF A CENTURY.
The best Remedy for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis and Rheumatism. Insure Healthy Appetite, Good Digestion, Regularity of the Bowels, promotes sleep to delicate females, nothing equal to them for nervous system, and giving vigor and health to every fibre of the body. Send for circular. For Pamphlets etc. address C. E. HUTCHINSON & CO. 16 Porter St., N. Y. City.

...AD.

...URIFICE THE ... CHURCHES.

...Talmage on De Long's Success—The Results of the Jeannette Expedition—Death did not Mean Failure.

Dr. Talmage, on Sunday, took for his subject, "The Jeannette's Dead." In the opening prayer Dr. Talmage offered up a petition for all who sailed the Arctic seas. After the usual hymns he began his sermon, taking the text from Job, xxxvii., 10—"By the breath of God frost is given; and the breadth of the waters is straitened."

In the most ancient times, said Dr. Talmage, cold went forth and assailed the waters while at play and took them into everlasting captivity. The text is descriptive of an Arctic sea. It is the home where all our winters are hatched in nest of iceberg under the brooding wing of the north wind. There are the castles where the giants of the cold live; great battlements of glacier; ponderous gates of glass that swing open long enough to let adventurers sail in and then swing shut, leaving the world to guess about the lost shipping. Great cities of palaces and castles and domes and bridges and statuary lifted up with such splendors that the human eye is extinguished if it gazes too long.

From those regions come ten silent passengers. What a contrast between their going and their coming! July 8, 1879, summer day, steaming out from San Francisco Harbor. Hills covered with enthusiastic spectators. Fort Point, with its twenty-one guns of salutation. Steam whistles and dipping colors, and by telegraph the whole continent in sympathy with the gallant undertaking. Now their return after nearly five years! The poor remains of a fragment of the expedition passing amid lines of sorrowful thousands, but the chief object of interest hearing not the sound of gun and beholding not one uplifted hat of reverence. "A failure!" say thousands of people.

To-day I make most emphatic protest against that misleading cry of failure. I shall show you now that De Long's expedition, in four respects at least, was a magnificent success.

In the first place, it demonstrated before all nations, and as never before, that our holy religion may be carried into great worldly enterprises, especially in those which are scientific. Christ was not more certainly on board the ship on Galilee than he was on board the Jeannette. The ice journal of De Long tells a tremendous story. The diary records that on the first Sunday out the men were gathered together, the articles of war were read and then De Long says:—"I read the divine service, and what pleased me much was to observe that every man not absolutely on watch was unfeignedly attended." I see on every Sabbath the record:—"Read divine service," I come to the words, "We are in the hands of God, and unless He intervenes we are lost." And now I come to the last Sabbath they spent on earth:—"1334 day; everybody pretty weak; read part of divine service." Too weak to read more than a part. Far away from home, hungry and freezing and sick and dying, they cried unto the Lord in their distress, and He took them right out of a cold earth into a warm heaven. Pronounce no expedition a feilure which set up the banners of Emanuel on the pinnacles of iceberg till all nations saw the crimson standard. Was there no significance in the fact that on monumental iris of Lieut. Delta Engineer Melville afterward over the tomb of these men put up a cross on the consecrated of the world, the beautiful symbol of our glorious religion? Oh, it was a glorious success for De Long and his men that they could carry this religion into great worldly undertaking, all nations and all ages to witness.

Another great success in this De Long expedition was in the overwhelming example of courage which it has set for the world and for the church. Remember it was not going out to fight men. It was not like the courage which is demanded of the soldier going into battle. It was a more difficult courage, because it was a contest with the dumb elements. The soldier when in ordinary battle knows it is possible that the enemy may be cowardly and run, but the icebergs are never panicstruck and they are never afraid. The soldier knows it is possible that the enemy may be destroyed by a flank movement, but the Arctic Ocean was never flanked. The soldier knows it is possible that the enemy may get out of ammunition, but the Arctic always has enough ice for shot and ice for guns and ice for thunderous bombardment. It was courage against the dumb elements, which show no quarter and never surrender and never die. In our times, when God wants to give an example of courage, he sends out a Livingstone or a Stanley into the torrid regions and into the Arctic a Franklin or a De Long and an Ambler and a Corbin and all their gallant crew. I am so glad there are giants still living—men able to conquer hunger and cold and physical woe, that they may give the round earth to the glorious cause of geographical discovery. We have found at last how the world is bounded. It is bounded on the north and the south and the east and the west by courage of man and the greatness of God. We want more of that kind of courage in our churches. This glorious example of courage which De Long and his men gave to the world and to the church made their expedition forever and forever a magnificent success.

Another success of this polar expedition is in the fact that it has persuaded the whole world that it is now time to stop pushing in that direction. It is a great thing for the world to know when it has struck the impossible. Never until now has every reasonable and enterprising man been willing to call a halt. The impression has come upon the most hopeful of us that God does not mean the race to move any further that way. Let neither private munificence nor governmental authority pay another dollar or allow another life to be lost in Arctic expeditions, except in enterprises like the Greely relief party. God has some reservations. He must have some paths where He can walk alone without being questioned by human inquisitiveness.

The fourth success for the De Long party was in the demonstration which they gave to all the earth—a demonstration more powerful than was ever before given of the fact that the dead are ours. Why this long funeral march around half the world, from Siberia to Russia and from Russia to Germany and from Germany here, while one body is shipped at our port for Liverpool and has to be two weeks more in the march of death? Why not allow these gallant men to sleep where they fell? Neither private nor governmental largess can build any such stupendous monument for them as are the uplifted splendors around the North Pole, and there is no sarcophagus like that of eternal congealment! Lieutenant Chipp and his men, whose bodies will never be brought back, are sleeping to-day in a grander Westminster Abbey. Still, the voice of humanity says, "Bring home all of those recovered to their own land, put them beside their kindred." Never since God hung the world on nothing has He so impressed us as by these eight thousand miles of obsequies with the nations uncovered saying "Godspeed" to the procession. Let dust go back so far as possible to kindred dust, and if there be any of the dead unclaimed let the United States government be a mother to the homeless dead and gather them into the Naval Cemetery at Annapolis where she has gathered so many others. Do not say "What a great waste of life!" There has been no waste, and if these men had lived one hundred years they never could so thoroughly have impressed upon the nations as they are now impressed it the triumphant and electrifying fact that the dead are ours.

As we close this volumn of crystallography let us rejoice that another volume of human suffering is ended. Nine-tenths of the shelves of the world's library are filled with these volumes of suffering adorned with vignettes representing masters' stakes and Arctic expeditions. Overto spring all other volumes of this library is the ice journal of the world's greatest Explorer, He who put out against the Arctic sufferings of this world that He might find a passage for all our race, yet was frozen by the world's neglect. The first vignette of that ice journal was a disgraceful manger and the last an agonizing cross. God hasten the time when the volume of the world's suffering shall be closed!

With no Drop of Negro Blood.

The Selma (Ala.) *Times* tells the following singular story:—Mr. Isaac Frank, a white man, was indicted by the last Grand Jury under the charge of living in unlawful wedlock with a negro woman. Mrs. Mary Ann Frank, wife of the accused, was present; also her alleged mother, Lucinda Weaver, colored. Lucinda was sworn, and put upon the witness-stand. Her testimony threw new light upon the case and caused a little flutter of excitement and surprise among those present. She spoke in a straightforward manner. Notwithstanding Lucinda has always been known as the mother of Mary, it turns out that the young woman's parentage is purely white. Lucinda testified that she was not the mother of Mrs. Mary Frank and that Mrs. Frank was given to her when an infant three days old; that a prominent gentleman in South Carolina brought the young child and presented it to Lucinda, requesting that she raise it as her own. She stated further that the child was the illegitimate offspring of an aristocratic woman, and it was her brother who gave the infant to the old negress to shield his sister's reputation and conceal her shame. The old negress brought her charge to Alabama, claiming her as a daughter, and the real truth of matters very probably never would have been uncovered to the world but for Mary's marriage to the white man and the indictment issued against him. Mrs. Frank, now grown into mature womanhood, has light, straight hair, a fair complexion, and clear, blue eyes, and doesn't bear the remotest trace of African blood. A number of gentlemen visited her recently, conversed with her, and decided that she was beyond doubt a white woman. After Lucinda's testimony was heard, Solicitor Pitts agreed to a verdict of not guilty, and the happy twain departed in peace.

An American Merchant.

The credit of opening India, China, and, indeed, the entire East to American commerce is due to Elias H. Derby, a Salem merchant, born in the port in 1739. In 1784 he dispatched the ship Grand Turk, under Capt. Jonathan Ingersoll, to the Cape of Good Hope on a mercantile reconnoissance, to discover the needs and capacity of the Eastern market. She returned in less than a year with the information sought, was quickly reloaded, and on the 28th of November, 1785, cleared for the Isle of France, with instructions to proceed thence to Canton by way of Batavia. The ship was laden with native products—fish, flour, provisions, tobacco, spirits—and made a successful voyage, returning in June, 1787, with a cargo of teas, silks, and nankeens, the first vessel from New England, if not from America, to enter into competition with the incorporated companies of the old world. Her success seems to have electrified the merchants of Salem, Boston and New York, and an eager rivalry for the trade of the Orient ensued, with the result that when Mr. Derby's ship Astrea entered Canton two years later, she found 15 American vessels there taking in cargo, four of them belonging to our merchant, however, who had not been slow in improving his advantages as pioneer. This was not the only pioneer work that he did. His bark Light Horse, in 1784, first opened American trade with Russia. In 1788 his ship Atlantic first displayed the American flag at Surat, Calcutta and Bombay. Another did the same in Siam; the third was the first to open trade with Mocha. In 1790, it is said, his vessels brought into Salem 728,871 pounds of tea, these ventures being among the first in the tea trade.

Too Much Freshness.

Gen. Joseph McCook, the dark-browed warrior of Colorado, is relating one of his Western experiences, which, he observes, taught him the inadvisability of too much freshness. "About a year ago," says he, "I had a long journey to take through the wildest part of Arizona. The country was full of Apaches who were going about in small bands stealing anything they could lay their hands on and doing whatever they could in a general way to make things enthusiastic for travelers. That is to say I heard a good deal about these Apaches, but as I didn't see any of them I thought it was simply a case of scare. My driver was a quiet Californian who didn't say much, but ran the expedition to suit himself. Every night when it came time to make camp he would turn off at right angles with the road and drive for a couple of miles in that direction before unhitching the horses. I kicked about it of course. I said it was a useless expenditure of time. Besides it isn't funny to ride over a perfectly unbroken country. It is too much like being chucked up in a blanket. But the more I swore the less attention the driver paid to me. Well, one morning when we struck back into the trail we found a place where there had been a camp the night before. There had also been a fight with the Indians. I never set eyes on such a horrible sight. The whole party of white people had been killed and fearfully mutilated. All of them were scalped, some of the bodies were dismembered, and one of the women was disemboweled. The stock had been run off and the wagons ransacked. Those people had camped alongside the trail, and the Indians, who are on the lookout for such parties, had found them. My driver didn't get any more of my views of camping. He could have driven to the Gulf of Mexico after that if he had wanted to."

A Profitable Steamer.

The sale of the steamer Senator for a coal hulk to New Zealand finishes the active career of one of the most successful vessels afloat. She was built at New York in 1846, and ran for a short time on the Eastern coast, but during the gold excitement of California she was sent to San Francisco, where she arrived in September, 1849, with over five hundred passengers. Soon after arriving there she was placed on the Sacramento river, making three trips a week, and, with $35 cabin passage and $15 for standing room on deck, she soon paid for herself ten times over. In fact, her receipts averaged close to $20 000 a trip, and for four months, fully $50,000 a week. She is known to have carried in this trade, over one million passengers. She has made more gold than she could carry and has outlived scores of the finest steamers afloat, which were wrecked or went to decay, while the old Senator, one of the few remaining links of the "days of '49," plodded along successfully, until she finally had to give way to the march of improvement and to the new and more economical style of craft, the steam propeller.

The Sneak Thief Cracker.

"This is the latest, I guess," said a dealer in novelties, showing a reporter what looked like the motto crackers that are pulled apart at evening parties with a sharp report, disclosing a sentimental motto. "It is a motto cracker," he said, "with the motto left out. They are also minus the bit of candy that the motto is usually wrapped around. These crackers are for the use of the commercial travelers or others who have to travel a great deal. They are made so as to produce a report as loud as the explosion of a pistol. The way to use the cracker is to fasten one end on the door by wetting this little surface of gum with the tongue, and the other end to the jam of the door. The result is that the door cannot be opened by a hotel sneak thief, if he picks the lock or shoots back the bolt over the lock, without producing a report that will arouse the occupant of the room. The alarm cracker is popular particularly among jewelry salesmen."

AT PARTING.—Gen. Gordon's parting words to Nubar Pacha were: "I will save the honor of Egypt." Nubar Pacha replied: "Never mind Egypt; save the women and children."

THE SPEAKER'S EYE.

Difficulties in Catching It—The Advantage of Catching the Speaker's Ear.

A Washington correspondent says:—Much depends on catching the Speaker's eye. Strange as it may appear, a member in the remote part of the House with a feeble voice sometimes catches the Speaker's eye, notwithstanding a dozen others near the Speaker are shouting and gesticulating wildly and doing their utmost to attract his attention. The recognition is usually made under an agreement with the Speaker, made, perhaps, days before. The favored member has a bill in which there may be millions or not; but reasons there are why he shall have the floor at a particular time. He asks, especially in the closing hours of the session, for unanimous consent to call up the bill and put it on its final passage. Amid the rush and rumpus members are generally willing to have this done, as it tends to create an opportunity for others. In this way some of the most important and the worst legislation takes place.

A gentleman familiar with legislation by Congress forty years ago relates an interesting incident. It was near the close of the session. The House of Representatives, sitting in the old hall, was, as usual, in confusion. Members in scores were trying to catch the Speaker's eye for the benefit of favorite bills. Every one was trying his best, and nothing was being done. Our veteran recollector, who had the privilege of the floor, met in the corridor an outsider deeply concerned for the passage of a bill for which he had labored the entire session. It had passed the Senate, was not specially opposed, and was meritorious, as he believed. "I will give you so much," naming a round sum, for these days, "if you will get the bill up," he said.

The gentleman addressed returned to the House, where the confusion was momentarily deepening. Seemingly every member was on the floor trying to catch the Speaker's eye. "Had I," said he, "a bill of prominence, "a bill for which I cared enough to make the attempt, I would get the Speaker to recognize me."

"Wait a moment and you shall be gratified."

The outsider's bill was produced and placed in the hand of the eye-catching member. "Mr. Speaker!" was heard from his quarter.

"The gentleman from Blank," was the immediate response.

"I ask unanimous consent that the bill numbered blank be put on its passage. It is a worthy bill. We ought to pass it."

"There being no objection the motion is carried," said the Speaker. "The Clerk will call the yeas and nays."

The rules were a little different from what they are now. The roll was called, and the bill passed. Going outside, the promoter meets his anxious friend, who was wholly ignorant of what was going on. "Your bill is through and the work is done."

"Meet me at Corcoran & Riggs's banking house to-morrow morning at 10 o'clock and I will give you the promised fee."

The summons was kept and the money paid.

After Congress adjourned the promoter, meeting the eye-catching member, said: "How did it happen that you caught the Speaker's eye when so many others were vainly trying?"

"I had arranged for it days before, but the intended business having been intrusted to another, who was then trying to have the Speaker recognize him, and failing every time, I just wished I had a chance to show those who took the business from my hands what a mistake they had made, but I had no bill to do it with. If I did you any good I am glad. You must have an understanding with the Speaker in order to catch his eye when everybody is trying to do it."

A Crow's Intelligence.

The sentinel system of the crows is very complete. Their guards display a remarkable degree of judgment and intelligence. They will raise a cry for a man with a gun long before he gets in range of them, and they are equally wary of a man who creeps toward them. But a team may pass close by without disturbing them, and they will even let a man on foot pass unnoticed if he hasn't a gun and goes boldly about his business. I had a curious example of this when I first began to study their habits. I commenced by trying to shoot them, but though I had passed them close enough before, I could not get near them after I began carrying a gun. I went out with my gun every evening for weeks. I crept behind fences and lay in wait in the bushes, but could never get a shot at them. One day, however, I struck upon a plan which I have since operated very successfully. I held my gun close to my side, the barrel running down the side of my leg, and walked boldly down the road without taking any notice of them. With their usual disregard for travelers, they let me pass close up to them, when I turned suddenly and fired. Now I can shoot a crow whenever I want to.

It Was No Good.

There was a Chicago man who found out that he was not so peculiarly endowed by nature as he had supposed. An inch more than usual would proverbially be a great deal on a nose. This man had it, and in consequence he overrated his nasal importance. A test proved that it does not render him thrilling to the masses. He is a cigar maker by trade. Whenever he took his walks abroad he was gazed at in amazement. "If I am to be looked on as a curiosity," he reasoned, "it would be better to make a lazy living with my abnormal nose." So he took his big feature to the manager of a ten-cent museum. "Very well," was the offer which he received; "I'll do just the same by you that I do by any other new freak. We can't tell what'll catch on with the public. You can have a place on the platform for a week. If you make a failure, I'll give you five dollars. If you hit 'em, I'll fix a square, liberal salary." "But how'm I to know whether I hit 'em?" the amateur curiosity asked. "By seeing whether the folks stop to look at you. That's the test." The nose was not potent. What had been novel in private life was almost disregarded in a professional. The man has returned to his cigar bench.

The Soudan.

The term Soudan is applied to a region which includes the whole Nile basin as far south as the cataract below Khartoum, and also an indefinite stretch of country west of that and south of the Sahara desert. It is well watered and fertile, and is inhabited by several races more or less negro-like and, on the borders, by numerous tribes of Arabs. During the reign of Ismail Pasha it was brought under Egyptian sway by the able British and American generals in the service of that Prince, prominent among whom were Sir Samuel Baker, General Gordon and General Stone. The slave trade was suppressed, some systematic efforts were made in agriculture, and the annual overflow of the Nile was rendered harmless by a simple scientific apparatus.

The country has great capabilities, but no present means of developing them. The only outlet for its products is across a desert, and the only way of transportation is by camels.

WALKING INTO A FORTUNE.—The man who is all the time saying what he is going to do when he accumulates $5,000 seldom does it. Ten years ago two poor but honest young men, named William Henry and John Thomas, sat upon a rail fence trying to pry into the future. Said William Henry: "When I accumulate $5,000 I am going West to buy a herd of cattle, and in a short time I'll be a rich man." John Thomas did not reply, but got down off the fence and went West while the walking was good. To-day William Henry does not own a solitary cow, while John Thomas has more horned cattle out in Wyoming than you could count in a week.

A LONDON SENSATION.

ANOTHER HIGH LIFE SCANDAL IN ENGLAND.

The Earl of Grafton Attempts to Put Away His Wife—A Former Husband Appears.

Mayfair, a London society magazine, publishes the following: "Another celebrated case will be that of the gallant Earl of Euston, who will be the next Duke of Grafton. The Earl seeks to get rid of his wife. His contention is that the lady's first husband was alive when she became Countess of Euston, is now alive and can be produced. His appearance in the witness box will be highly dramatic, for the lady has seen him and declares she knows nothing about him. The approaching trial will rival the Tichborne case and be the sensation of the season."

The facts of the matter are these: Thirteen years ago Henry Fitzroy, eldest son of Lord Augustus Fitzroy, fell in love with a woman known as "Kate Cook." She was handsome and stylish in person, and her matured charms were quite sufficient to captivate the youth of twenty-three. Unknown to his father, who was Equerry to the Queen, he married her. Most chronicles of the peerage ignored the marriage. Others described the bride as the daughter of John Walsh and the widow of "Mr. Smith."

In 1882 the bridegroom's social position changed. Lord Augustus Fitzroy succeeded his brother as seventh Duke of Grafton. Henry Fitzroy became Earl of Euston. The widow of "Mr. Smith" became Countess Euston and the future Duchess of Grafton. But troubles had already come between her and her husband. They separated by mutual agreement. No fault being proved against the Countess since her marriage, the Earl in vain sought an excuse for divorce. The mysterious "Mr. Smith" has now appeared and the excuse is found.

If the case fails Kate Cook will be Duchess of Grafton, and the title created for a mistress of a King will be borne by a woman of the town.

The Duke of Grafton was made Knight of the Garter a little over a year ago. He succeeded his brother, who died in the spring of 1882. The late Duke was sixty-three years old and was member of Parliament for Thetford from 1847 until 1852. In 1858 he married Mary Louisa Anne, daughter of the third Lord Ashburton, and in 1863 succeeded his father as sixth duke. The first Duke of Grafton acted at the coronation of James II. as Lord High Constable of England, and commanded that monarch's forces in the action of Philip's Norton Lane. Afterward he espoused the cause of the Prince of Orange and received a fatal wound while storming the city of Cork in 1690. The third duke was an eminent statesman, who was Secretary of State and Prime Minister of England in 1771. The present duke was born in 1821.

Advice to a Young Man.

No, son, you can't make up lost time. You can only do the work of one lifetime in a life-time. Yes, you may write six columns to-day because you neglected to write your three yesterday, but you've discounted one day somewhere about 35 or 40 years further on in the account. You have about 70 years placed to your credit. Every day you use or misuse is charged to you, and you can't get credit for two days to-morrow, if you waste to-day. An engine three hours behind time, may reach the terminal station on time, by running fifty miles an hour instead of thirty, her schedule time. But when she gets in, she requires nearly all, or quite all, or many hours more than the three hours she made up, in being doctored for the strain on nerves and sinews of steel, by reason of the extra effort and speed. There's something wrong here, a bolt started there, a journal burned out somewhere, she limps away to the round house, overheated, rattling in half a dozen places, covered with grease and dust and grime, with an engineer growling in his cab and a master machinest grumbling as he walks around her. That's the way you "make up time," my boy. Believe me, you'll last longer if you run on schedule time day by day. You won't make people yell and hurrah and you won't make such a grand, thunderbolt kind of a show as if you would go booming through the way stations, swinging along like a cyclone. But you'll go waltzing into the round house in supremely better style, with your steel bright and your brass shining, and not a spot on your jacket, and ready to throw another hundred miles over your shoulder the minute the gong strikes. Just make your regular time, day by day, my boy. The superintendent knows what you can do and what he wants you to do, and you can't treat yourself better nor please him more, than to do exactly that much, without a mile wasted or a minute to spare.

BURDETTE.

Horace Greeley's Boyhood.

Ben. P. Poore, in his Reminiscences, thus speaks of Horace Greeley: Horace Greeley's personal appearance was always a subject of remark from his boyhood. Rollin C. Mallary, a member of Congress from Vermont, who was an able champion of the American System, used to narrate a visit of his to the printing office of a country newspaper at Poultney, Vt., his place of residence. His attention was attracted to a young compositor, who was rather awkwardly "sticking types," and who, though full grown, was evidently the youngest apprentice in the office. His legs ran a good deal more than "a feet" through his pantaloons, the sleeves of his coat scarcely reached below his elbows, his hair was very white and flaxen, and he was, on the whole, in the aggregate, taken separately and together, the greenest looking specimen of humanity we ever looked at, and this is saying a good deal, for "we keeps a looking-glass." "That boy," said Mr. Mallary, "will make a remarkable man; I can't hold an argument with him on Masonry or anything else connected with politics." As Mr. Mallary was considered one of the ablest men in Congress, his remark caused me some surprise; and we not only "made a note of," but took another look at the "devil" (printer's we mean), and could not but trace in the expansive forehead "a mind formed in nature's finest mould and, wrought for immortality." It was years afterward that we became aware of the fact that that boy was Horace Greeley.

In a Bear Trap.

The Janitor of the Lime-Kiln Club announced at the last meeting, that some evil-minded person who had sought to enter Paradise Hall the evening before by way of the side door, had put his foot in a bear-trap waiting there for just such an emergency. The jaws and teeth of the trap were stained with blood, proving that the fellow had been considerably astonished in his mad career. He had managed to pry open the jaws and drag himself away, leaving nothing behind by which his identity could be suspected.

A vote of thanks was given the Janitor for his vigilance, and the Secretary was instructed to advertise for information concerning the victim. If he will come forward and state how it feels to step suddenly into a bear-trap, the club will present him with a recipe for removing the marks left by the teeth.

RAISED THE ROOF.—The Mayville *Dispatch* gives this flood incident: "All the distilleries were forced to close down on account of the water, but they are not much damaged, unless the material and machinery inside are hurt. At one of these a quantity of whisky in barrels had been stored in the upper story of the distillery. The water rose above it and lifted the whisky, which lifted the roof. The roof floated down street. Whisky that is strong enough to lift the roof off the distillery, is supposed to be a pretty good article, and this is the truest big whisky story ever recorded."

BETTER three hours too soon than one minute too late.

FENIANS IN PARIS.

The French Capital Selected as the Headquarters of the Dynamiters.

A dispatch from Paris says:—The police here are convinced that the advanced Irish party have made Paris their headquarters in Europe for the preparation of their dynamite schemes. Inspector Moser, acting under instructions from the British Home Secretary and aided by a French commissary of police, is watching the movements of suspected Irishmen. The nationalist colony includes representatives of the three centres of the Irish Republican Brotherhood.

The first section comprises the former Fenians, James Stephens, John O'Leary and Gederal MacAdaras. The last named gentleman, in an interview, disavowed belonging to the society. His mission was to counsel friends of extreme violent views, but it was not his duty to reveal their attempts, however nefarious or mistaken they might be. He was certain that other nationalists shared this view. Captain MacCafferty said the weak were justified in using terrorism against the strong. He repudiated affiliation with Continental secret societies. He sympathized with revolutionary propagandism in Europe because Ireland was benefited thereby; but nationalism, even the most extreme, was not necessarily linked with nihilism or anarchy. He denied that he was conspiring actively, but added that experience was valuable to prevent a repetition of former mistakes.

The police have traced the arrival of five transfer, or men belonging to the third or active section, the dynamiters, who have been told off for the next attempts. They are all from America, and come from the following places:—

One from Buffalo, N. Y.
One from Paterson, N. J.
One from Brooklyn, N.Y.
Two from Texas.
They are believed to be pupils of Mezeroff. The other Irishmen under watch are Cornelius Cullimore, Eugene Davis and Casey. It is believed that the dynamite is made at Montrouge. The supposed manufacturer is registered as an authorized chemical student. The measure under which authorization is necessary is confined to the making of dynamite. The instructor is believed to be a man named Brady, under the alias of "King." The Brotherhood meet in the Rue Corneille, Rue Saint-Honore and Avenue Victor Hugo.

A Fortune From Six Inches of String.

"You see that large factory? It covers an entire block. Half a million of money wouldn't buy it. Well, it was built by a little piece of cord not more than six inches long." Here the speaker paused and scrutinized the reporter's countenance for indications of incredulity, not to say astonishment. But the narrator was talking to a man who, since the introduction of the telephone, has made it a point of principle to be ready for anything and to believe all that he hears. The speaker added: "Eight years ago there lived in the third story of a cheap tenement, in New York city, a poor mechanic, who was kept poor because he had a passion for inventing; it amounted to a passion. He didn't drink and didn't travel with the politicians, and all who knew his family wondered why they should be so poor. Time passed on, and still the man was poor, but at last he perfected an invention—the simplest thing on earth—and with his patent in his hand he went down town one day and called for the head of a house whose check was current for five figures anywhere in 'the street.' The inventor offered to sell two-thirds of his patent for $20,000 if the house would bind itself to put $100,000 into factories for producing the little thing that he had invented. The firm signed papers in less than an hour from the time of hearing the proposal! and in another hour the inventor had converted the firm's check for $20,000 into greenbacks. Lots were bought and a factory erected. The business speedily grew to gigantic proportions, and at length the firm acquired all the rest of the block, and covered it with brick and mortar, and now the inventor is able to associate with the millionaires. The little glove fastener—a piece of cord about six inches long and a dozen little metal hooks or buttons—is the thing that was invented."

The Judge Flushed.

A prominent Judge and State Senator, who with his family was among the friends of Mrs. Cady Stanton, still felt himself called upon publicly to oppose the married woman's property bills which were carried through our legislature by the efforts of Mrs. Stanton and her coadjutors. The judge made several speeches against the bills, declaring that if wives were permitted a separate estate from their husbands it would cause dissensions in families.

The bills were passed despite the eloquent advocate's opposition. A few months later Mrs. Stanton met the judge in New York. She held out her hand with a mournful expression of face, though, I doubt not, there was a twinkle of fun in her kind, blue eyes. "Permit me to condole with you," she said. "Condole with me!" exclaimed the judge; "on what?" "On the great unhappiness in your family—the unfortunate differences between your wife and yourself." The judge flushed, thinking that some busybody had spread slanderous tales concerning him. "Why, what have you heard?" he demanded angrily. "Nothing, nothing whatever," replied Mrs. Stanton; "only, as you predicted such dire family quarrels as the result of passing the property bills, and as they have since passed, I supposed you and your wife must be on the eve of divorce." The good judge laughed heartily at the practical joke. "You were right," he said; "I do not think any trouble will come from those new laws."

Texas Fence Cutters.

A funny phase of the late fence-cutting special session of the Texas Legislature is revealed in the fact now patent, that the Legislature really meant to do as little as possible to meet the difficulties that for so many months have disturbed the State. While the rich ranchmen and large land-owners held full control of the Senate, the smaller land-owners, and with them the fence-cutters, had the House. So when the House required that land-owners should put gates in their fences every three miles so as to let the little men get to mill and to water, the Senate made the penalty for not doing so as light as possible. In fact, few of the legislators seemed to care so much about the fences as to be on the fence themselves. The amount appropriated for carrying out the few laws mad is ridiculously insufficient. It is now said that the Legislature was wholly unprepared to deal with the subject and that popular sentiment and opinion were neither fairly presented nor represented. Things generally will wait probably till the next November election, when the fence question will be paramount in choosing members to the Legislature.

Tied Up.

Sir Arthur Wellesley Peel, who succeeds Mr. Brand in the honors and emoluments of the Speakership of the English House of Commons, is the youngest son of the late Sir Robert Peel, who was twice Premier, and was born in 1829. The present baronet, Sir Robert Peel, elder brother of the new Speaker, is without a seat in the House of Commons at present, having been defeated as the conservative candidate for Gravesend in July, 1880. He is a political free lance, liberal and conservative by turns, and is always changing his politics. He was such a spendthrift in early life that Premier Disraeli, who had paid tens of thousands of his debts, tied up his estate as tightly as possible, and left his heir and namesake in a state of chronic impecuniosity.

IN proportion to its size the Isle of Jersey exports as many cattle yearly as are contained in England. The entire island if shared would be but six and three-quarter miles each way, and yet the census of 1881 gives it 12,000 head of cattle, showing that the breeders of Jersey cattle manage to support one head of the fawn-colored dairy cows to each acre yearly—a showing unequaled by any in the world.

A LAMENT

For the Dead Brought Home on the Friendship.

I.

Oh, gates of ice! long have ye held our beloveds.

Ye Cruel! how could ye keep from us them for whom our hearts yearned; our dear ones, our fathers, our children, our brothers, our lovers.

Cold and Sleet, Darkness and Ice! hard have ye held them; ye would not let them go.

Their hands ye have bound fast; their feet ye have detained; and well have ye laid hold upon the hearts of our beloveds.

Oh, silent Arctic Night! thou hast wooed from us our dear, our only ones.

Oh, secret of the white and unknown world! too strong hast thou been for us; we were as nothing to thee; thou hast drawn them from us; thou wouldst not let them go.

The long day passed; thou wouldst not let them go.

The long, long night came and went; thou wouldst not let them go.

Oh, thou insatiate! why didst thou keep them from us?

What to thee is youth, and life, and hope and love?

For thou art Death, not life; thou art Despair, not hope.

Nought to thee the rush of youthful blood; naught to thee the beauty and strength of our beloveds.

The breath of their bodies is not sweet to thee; they loved thee, thou lovedst not them.

They followed thee, thou didst not look upon them; but still, oh, thou inviolate! still did they follow thee.

Thee did they follow, through storm through perils of the ice, and of the unknown darkness.

The sharp spears of the frost they feared not; the terrors of death they feared not; for thee, for thee, for thee, not for us; only that they might look upon thy face.

All these they endured for thee; the thought of us whom yet they loved, this also they endured for thee.

II.

Long, long have they tarried in thy gates, oh, North!

But now thou hast given them up. Lo, they come to us once more—our beloveds, our only ones.

Oh, dearest, why have ye stayed so long.

With ye, night and day have come and gone, but with us there was night only.

But no, we will not reproach ye, hearts of our hearts—dearest and best; our fathers, our children, our brothers, our lovers.

Come back to us! Behold our arms are open for ye; ye are ours; ye have returned unto us; ye shall never go hence again.

But why are ye silent, why do ye not stir, why do ye not speak to us, oh, beloveds?

White are your cheeks like snow; your eyes they do not look upon us.

Gone so long, and is this your joy to see us once more?

Lo, do we not welcome ye? Are not our souls glad? Do not our tears, long kept, rain upon your faces?

Do ye sleep then, after those hard and weary labors? Oh, now awaken, for ye shall take rest and pleasure—here are your homes and kindred.

Listen, beloved, here is your sister, here is your brother, here is your lover!

III.

They will not hearken to our voices. They are still; their eyes look not upon us.

Oh, insatiate, oh, Secret of the white and unknown world, cruel indeed thou art.

Thou hast sent back to us our best beloveds; their bodies thou hast rendered up, but their spirits thou hast taken away from us.

In life thou didst hold them from us—and in death they are thine.

NEW YORK, Feb. 20, 1884. R. W. G.

Soul Burying.

Whenever an Abchasian is drowned his friends search carefully for the body, but, if this is not found, they proceed to capture the soul of the deceased, a measure which then has become a matter of importance.

A goatskin bag is sprinkled with water and placed with its mouth, which is stretched open over a hoop, looking toward the river, near the place where the man is supposed to have been drowned. Two cords are stretched from the spot across the river, as a bridge on which the soul can come over. Vessels containing food and drink are set around the skin, and the friends of the deceased come and eat quietly, while a song is sung with instrumental accompaniments.

The soul, it is believed, is attracted by the ceremonies, comes over on the bridge that is laid for it, and goes into the trap. As soon as it has entered—that is, when the bag is inflated by the breeze—the opening is quietly closed, and the bag is taken up to the burial place, where a grave has already been prepared. The bag is held with the opening to the grave, the strings are untied, and the bag is squeezed into the grave, and the burial is afterward completed.

This rite is considered of equivalent value with the burial of the body, and the grave is treated with the same honor as if the body were really within it.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

He Came Back.

Gov. Duval, of Florida, was the son of a poor Virginian, a stern, strong, taciturn man. The boy was a huge youth of 15. At the cabin fire, at bed time, according to the custom of putting on a back log, the old man said, between the whiffs of his silent pipe:

"Tab, go out and bring in that gum back log and put it on the fire."

Tab went out and surveyed the log. He knew it was of no use explaining that it was too heavy, nor prudent for him to return without having it on his shoulder. His little sister, passing, was not surprised that he requested her to bring out the gun and powder horn, as a possum or coon might have passed, or the brother might have seen bear signs. She brought the gun and Tab started. He found the way through the woods into kentucky, in 1791. After an absence of eighteen years he was elected to Congress. A man of immense size and strength, he started for Washington, going by the way of his old home, to see the old folks who had long since given him up for dead. Entering the little cabin door near bed time, he saw the identical gum log. He shouldered it, pulled the latch string and with his load stood before the old man, pipe in mouth, as quiet as usual.

"Here is the gum back log, father."

"Well, you've been a long time getting it—put it on the fire and go to bed," was the reply.—*San Antonio Herald.*

Will Read Either Way.

Our young friends have heard of palindromes—words or lines that read and spell the same backward as forward. The following sentences, printed in the London *Truth*, simply make sense read word by word either way:

"Solomon had vast treasures—silver and gold—things precious. Happy and rich and wise was he. Faithfully served he God.

"She sits lamenting sadly, often too much alone.

"Man is noble and generous often, but sometimes vain and cowardly.

"Carefully boiled eggs are good and palatable."—*Youth's Companion.*

Land Monopoly in California.

"With more untilled acres than there are in Kansas, Nebraska and Iowa combined, the settler who comes to California," the San Francisco *Chronicle* says, "finds extreme difficulty in securing a home—160 acres—at even four times as much as 160 acres would cost him in any of those States. Millions of acres have been transferred from Government to corporation control, and the corporations, with singular blindness to their own interests, seem to be the worst enemy the settlers have. Other millions of our best acres are locked up in large Spanish and Mexican grants, held for advancing rates, simply because the machinery provided for taxing them does not work with honesty and smoothness."

AN ACTOR BAGGED.

An Amusing Story of a Barn Storming Company Out West.

"Speaking of traps reminds me of a little incident that happened a few years ago in a little Michigan town. Miss Blanche de Bar and a moderately fair company were hunting fickle fortune in towns more or less not on the map. They struck one place that had an entirely new hall, and opened it with a performance of The Hidden Hand. When their carpenter came to cut the trap in the stage for 'Black Dan'—or whatever his name is—to fall into when Capitola presses her foot on the spring in the floor, he was astonished to see that he had cut right through into the store below, which belonged to the owner of the hall! The owner, a jolly, good-natured, ready sort of a chap, came up, and finding that the trap was necessary for the play, said: 'All right, you go ahead and cut it. I'll fix it up some way so that it will be all right for to-night.' He and the carpenter did fix it up, in some way best known to themselves, while the rest of the company went away until time for the performance. In the evening the carpenter told them: 'Look out for those boards over the trap under the carpet, and don't kick them away, or you will leave the trap open. When the time comes I'll take 'em away, and all "Black Dan" will have to do will be to step forward on the space, and the carpet will give way with him.' As he said, so it was done. When Capitola put her foot on the imaginary spring, and 'Black Dan' took a step toward her threateningly he dropped out of sight quicker than a flash. There was a moment's silence, and then up from that trap came a volley of half-smothered howls, ejaculations of profane amazement, and wild yells of 'Where am I?' that were not in the play. They rang down the curtain and investigated. The ingenious landlord and carpenter had nailed securely in the trap by its mouth a huge wool rack, about fourteen feet long. When the actor went through the trap he dropped clear to the bottom of it, and there he was swinging like a pendulum in the darkness, half suffocated, and frightened almost to death."—*Exchange.*

A South Sea Fight.

A report from Auckland states that the government schooner Julia, which is regularly employed in procuring laborers from the different groups of islands in the Pacific to work on the sugar plantations in the Sandwich Islands, recently landed at the island of Nanouki with about thirty returned laborers, who belonged to the islands of Taraway and Apiang, in the same group, the inhabitants of which have been at constant warfare with the inhabitants of Nanouki. The returned laborers on landing seized a number of young girls and assaulted them, which provoked a fight with the natives, who were armed only with clubs and spears. Twenty of the Nanoukis were killed and many were wounded, while the others escaped to the island of Apamama, a short distance away. Being reinforced there,